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The Shortys Out For Fun.

By PETER PAD,
Author of all the "SHORTYS."

WHEN, not long ago, I left the Shortys "Married and Settled Down," I did not believe they would ever get on a bust again, and so took an affectionate farewell of them, and turned my attention to other comical characters, which the readers of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK have since become well acquainted with.

But I was mistaken. It takes something more than matrimony even to down those three irrepressibles, father, son, and grandson.

George Burwick, more generally known as Shorty, was seated in the *cafe* of the Hoffman House not long since, half hidden behind a morning paper which he pretended to be reading, although he was nervously awaiting the appearance of some one evidently.

He was the same old Shorty, so well known to the world, dressed in nobby style, though grown somewhat stouter than when we last saw him.

He peeped over the top of his paper whenever he heard anybody entering the place, but he seemed to be both nervous and anxious about something.

Finally he caught the eye of an attendant and winked. The attendant approached him.

"Tail?"

"No, plain."

That was all that passed between them, but the waiter appeared to understand it perfectly, and soon returned with a glass of amber-colored liquor, which he set down on the table before him.

"Snuff," said Shorty, placing a quarter on the table.

"Sneeze!" replied the waiter, taking it up and walking away.

Shorty got right outside of that amber-colored liquid, and after glancing around again, he resumed reading his paper.

The news did not appear to interest him to any great extent, but he turned to that part of the paper where there were extracts to be found from THE JUDGE and other humorous papers, and soon had his naturally-comical mug ornamented with a grin.

Presently he heard a movement and again looked up.

His son Charley, otherwise and more generally known as the Kid, was approaching him.

"Well?"

"How?"

"Yes, how did you work it?"

"Fine," replied the Kid, placing his finger alongside of his nose and winking one eye.

"Would she have it?"

"Cert."

"How long?"

"A week."

"Where?"

"Wash, on important biz."

"Good snap!"

"How's yerself, Dad?"

"Smilin'."

"How?"

"Same racket."

"Where?"

"Europe."

"How long?"

"Two moons."

"Kick?"

"No. Cry."

"No growl?"

"'Nough for spice. Where's dad?"

"Havin' a circus."

"Ole gal?"

"Very much."

"She won't have it?"

"Nix."

"Dat's bad," mused Shorty.

"She tumbles heavy."

"Where is he? Will he come here?"

"I told him to."

"Kid."

"Well?"

"We must help him out."

"Cert."

"We're all tired of stayin' home, an' the gals are all tired of havin' us round so much, else they wouldn't make it so warm for us. We want ter git out for a few weeks' fun, like der ole times, an' not let 'em know where we've gone ter."

"Cert. Ole times once more!" said the Kid.

"But we must have der ole man 'long with us, or else dere'll be no whoop."

"No snaps!"

"No rackets!"

"No; he's good all ther time. Nicest ole man that ever lived."

"Cert. But what lots of fun we can have with him—hoy!"

"Every time!"

"Wonder where he is?"

"Ha'vin' it yet, I guess;" and then they both laughed at the old man's expense.

But while they were laughing, the old man came in, hat in hand, and mopping his bald head with a red handkerchief.

He appeared to be laboring under great excitement, and pounced upon the boys savagely.

"Well?" said Shorty.

"How?" the Kid chipped in.

"Oh, it's no use," groaned the old man, throwing himself heavily into a chair.

"Won't have it?"

"No."

"What snap did you work?"

"Oh, pshaw!"

"Ah! worked the Shaw racket, eh?"

"Shut up!" said the old man; and then Shorty and the Kid swapped winks and laughed.

"It won't work," he sighed.

"What?"

"That Boston snap of yours."

"Why?"

"Why! simply because she won't have it."

"Oh! is that all?"

"Well, I guess that is enough. No, we shall be obliged to give up our little racket, boys," said the old man, sadly.

"What did she say?"

"What did *you* say?"

"Oh, fudge? I told her that I was obliged to go to Boston on some business, and she said all right, she would go along with me, that she had been wanting to go to Boston for a long time; and when I mildly objected, she tumbled, and—well, you know how she goes on when she gets her back up."

"Well, slightly," said Shorty, laughing.

"Somewhat hefty, eh?"

"Children, I don't know how it is with you, but it's slightly torrid on my side of the house," said the old man, sadly.

"An' she won't have it?"

"No; I have either got to go to Boston and take her along, and make believe that I have some business, or give it up, and acknowledge that it was a stall."

"Tough."

"Ropey."

"Rough on der ole man, eh?"

"Should say so."

"But what is to be done? Shall we give up our proposed excursion?" asked the old man.

"Nix."

"No givy."

"Well?"

"We must help yer out, dad. We have worked it with

our wives, an' if you're only half smart yer might have worked it too. But yer chaw too much air," said Shorty.

"What do you mean?"

"Yer talk too much."

"Bah! I don't talk at all. She does all the talking," said he, wildly.

"Why don't yer put yer foot down?"

"What good? Her feet's as big as mine."

"I'll work it for you, dad," said Shorty.

"How?"

"Go home an' say yer've just got a letter, sayin' as how yer aunt in Philadelphia is dead and wants ter be buried."

"Nonsense. She'd want to go the funeral sure. Nothing in the world pleases her like going to a funeral."

"P'raps she'd like ter go to yours," said the Kid.

"You shut up!"

"All right. Go home an' don't say anything."

"Well?"

"We'll go on ter Boston, an' telegraph yer some sorter message that'll fetch her."

"Fetch *her*?"

"Yes, an' fetch you."

"But I don't want to go with her if we are going off for any fun."

"No, no, yer don't catch on."

"Well, explain."

"We'll send a dispatch that will make it solid for yer, so yer can come on an' join us."

"All right. Go to-night?"

"Cert. Got our gripsacks all ready ter go anywhere in the world," said Shorty.

"Good enough. If you only work it so that I can get away, I will join you for the proposed racket," said the old man.

"Settled!" And then Shorty caught the eye of the attendant and winked.

Said attendant instantly tumbled and came right to the fore.

"State," said Shorty, turning to the others.

"Brand," said the old man.

"Cham cock," pleaded the Kid.

"Caught," said the attendant, walking over to the bar.

"Confound the business, anyhow!" the old man growled.

"Serves yer right," said Shorty.

"How does it serve me right?"

"Yer no business ter get married; young fellers like you hadn't ought ter be so reckless."

"Oh, you be hanged!" said the old man, and this let the boys in for another laugh.

But while they laughed their refreshments came on.

"How?" all three said, as they drank.

"Snuff."

"Sneeze."

And that fixed the business between them and the attendant.

The truth of the whole business was that the three Shortys, father, son, and grandson, had made up their minds to go off on a racket by themselves, each making an excuse to his wife, and the dialogue we have just read explains how well they had succeeded in getting away from the aforesaid wives.

Shorty and the Kid had managed to work their points all right, but the old man met with opposition, as already shown.

Well, Shorty and the Kid took the Fall River boat that afternoon for Boston, and the next day the old man received the following message by telegraph:

"MR. BURWICK:—The lawsuit, Burwick *vs.* the United States, comes up for trial to-morrow in the United States District Court to be held in Boston. Be sure and come.

"P. DUFFY, Clerk."

That settled the business, although he had to spin a staggering yarn about the great importance of the case, and that he would instantly fly back to the arms of his wife, the moment the case was finished.

So he telegraphed Shorty that it was all right, and that he would be in Boston the next morning.

Now this was just like Shorty, wasn't it?

What was just like him?

Why, this racket.

Before leaving New York he put up a job with a telegrapher, not far from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to send these two messages to the Chief of Police, Boston, just as soon as he received notice from him after his arrival in Boston.

The operator was a great friend and admirer of the ex-minstrel, and had often assisted him with his practical jokes.

This was the first dispatch, to be sent some time after the sailing of the Fall River boat.

"TO CHIEF OF POLICE, BOSTON:—Arrest Josiah Burwick on his arrival to-morrow by the Fall River boat, and hold him for the desertion of his wife and family. He is about sixty years of age, four feet eight inches high, weighs two hundred and ten pounds, bald as a pitcher, and dressed richly.

WALLING, Sup't."

At nine o'clock on the following day this message was to be sent to the same address.

"All a mistake about Burwick. Let him go.

"WALLING, Sup't."

Yes, that was the snap that these two renowned jokers were going to play on their aged and respectable parent.

Think of it. And get right down to your bottom nickel that they were at the depot when the steamboat train arrived at Boston to see the fun, and sympathize with their victim.

Well, there was a detective there, and he had no difficulty whatever in picking out his man, he was such an odd-looking little old fellow, so he accosted him as he muddled up the depot towards the Kneeland street entrance.

"This is Mr. Burwick, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that's my name. What of it?" the old man answered, promptly.

"The chief of police is anxious to see you," replied the detective.

"The what?" asked the old man, starting back and looking at the officer in astonishment.

"The chief of police. Come."

"What in the thunder do you mean, sir?"

"I mean to arrest you."

"Arrest *me*?"

"Yes, sir, you are my prisoner; so come along quietly," said he, placing his hand on the shoulder of the astonished old man.

"Great Jerusalem! Do you mean it?"

"You will find that I do," replied the detective, quietly.

"Arrest *me*? What for, I'd like to know?" and by this time a crowd had collected, attracted by the old man's violent protestations.

"For desertion."

"What?"

"For deserting your wife and family," replied the detective.

"Ah, ha! serves you right, old sawed off," cried an old woman in the crowd.

"Confound it! There must be a mistake."

"You'll make one if you think I will not take you in. Come."

"Run him in, officers; he has undoubtedly abused his family shamefully," said another.

"Yes, the bald-headed old ruffian. He looks bad enough for anything," still another said, and his supposed crime was freely commented on by the spectators, the general feeling being that he was a hard one, and that it had served him right that he was thus arrested while undoubtedly trying to fly from his poor wife and innocent, suffering family.

The detective rushed him along towards the door, but he obtained permission to engage a carriage, wherein to ride to police head-quarters, and was soon lost to public view.

Shorty and the Kid almost laughed themselves silly while keeping out of sight and watching proceedings, and after he was driven away they returned to the Revere House, knowing full well that the old man would be sure to send there for them.

Arriving at head-quarters, he was at once taken before the Chief of Police, of whom he indignantly demanded the reason of his arrest.

"Your name is Josiah Burwick, is it not?" the Chief quietly asked.

"Yes, sir; before the whole world."

"You reside in New York?"

"Yes, sir," and he gave the address.

"You are married?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have a child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Just cast your eyes over that telegram," said the Chief, handing it to him.

The old man put on his glasses, and with protruding eyeballs read what seemed to be a dispatch from Superintendent Walling, ordering his arrest for desertion.

"Great hoop snakes!" he exclaimed, and sank back into a chair.

"It's all right, eh?" asked the Chief, smiling on him.

"Right!"

"There, then, don't get excited. We shall not be bothered with you only until the arrival of a New York officer."

"But there must be some mistake."

"Undoubtedly. You failed to remember that there is telegraphic communication between New York and Boston.

But some men are so anxious to get away from their wives, that they forget to take many precautions," said the chief.

This made the old man wince, but he could not help himself, although he could not bring himself to believe that his wife had lodged a complaint against him, for he had left her the day before with the most kindly feelings.

But he could not understand it to save his hair, so he sent a messenger to Shorty, at the Revere House, asking him to call at headquarters at once.

And, understanding it all, of course they lost no time in getting there.

The chief of police, in the meantime, had allowed the old man to remain in his office until his sons had a chance to visit him.

Shorty and the Kid were shown into the private office where he was.

"Hello, dad, what are yer doin' here?" asked Shorty, going up to him.

"Tryin' ter get a job on der perlice?" asked the Kid.

"No, confound it all, I am under arrest," replied the old man, angrily.

"Under arrest! What have you been doin'?"

"Why, nothing; nothing at all."

"Well, how come you 'rested, then?"

"Hang me if I know."

"How is it, boss?" asked Shorty, and the chief handed him the telegram.

"So, so; been givin' der ole gal der shake, hey?"

"No, I haven't."

"Oh, come off!" said the Kid.

"Why didn't yer leave her well fixed?" demanded Shorty, savagely.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, looking from one to the other of the guyers.

"Serves yer right."

"Cert."

"Confound you, I'm half inclined to believe that this is one of your devilish practical jokes, hang me if I don't."

"What! Didn't we come to Boston yesterday? What's the matter with you. How could I send dat telegram, hey?"

"Oh, yer a bad one, ole man, flat bad," said the Kid.

"Better lock him up, chief, for there's no knowin' what he might do," said Shorty, winking to him. "Come on, Charley, let's leave him," he added, going towards the door.

"Yes, let's keep good company."

"Hold on there! Confound you, do you mean to go off and leave me in this way?" roared the old man, leaping to his feet.

"Lock him up, chief!"

"Hold on! Come back here. How dare you treat me in this manner? Yon know very well that there is some mistake about this business. You know that I would never desert Angie, confound you."

"Dad, I cannot tell a lie. I suspect that you've got somebody else on the string. So don't try to drag yer son down to yer own level. Good-bye, ole man. The way of the transgressor is hard," and Shorty waddled out.

"Ta-ta, grandpop," said the Kid, also passing out of the room.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the old man, turning to the chief.

"They seem to go back on you."

"Back on me! Why, one of them's my son, and the other my grandson. Think of it!"

"But I shall have to hold you, nevertheless."

"Oh, I suppose so," he sighed, and settling back into his chair, he became lost in thought.

The idea that his wife should go back on him, and then his sons turning against him, it was almost enough to break his heart.

But while ruminating thus, the second telegram arrived, asking the chief of police to discharge Burwick, and he was promptly set at liberty.

"Confound it, didn't I tell you so?" he demanded.

"Yes, but you cannot blame me in the matter," replied the chief.

"But I'll find out all about it when I return to New York, you bet I will," and banging his hat over his bald head, he snatched his gripsack and rushed from the building, taking a carriage for the Revere House.

Was he mad!

Is water moist?

Of course Shorty and the Kid knew how the thing would end, but they stood it up between them to pretend to be indignant at the way he had treated his wife.

And they were at the hotel waiting for him when he came.

"What!" exclaimed Shorty, as the old man stepped from the carriage.

"Got out so soon?" asked the Kid.

"Guess he give der cops der slip," Shorty said, quite loudly, and greatly to his dad's disgust.

"Oh, you fellows are very smart, ain't you? Shut your mouths. Come up-stairs and I will tell you about it," said he.

"Nixey, yer don't tell *me*," said Shorty, thrusting his hands into his trousers pocket and walking indignantly away.

"An' none in mine, if yer please," said the Kid, also walking away.

"What?" exclaimed the old man, who even now did not tumble to the racket.

He gazed after them a moment in wonder, and then followed them up.

"What the deuce do you mean by such conduct?" he demanded, angrily.

"Me?"

"Us?"

"Yes, both of you."

"Well, that's about the coolest thing I ever heard in my life," said Shorty, indignantly.

"What do you mean?"

"Better ask what yer mean yerself, I think. Never was so disgraced in my life."

"Me, too!"

"Explain yourselves, you rascals?" the old man said, savagely.

"Only ter think dat I should live ter see my ole dad arrested for desertion."

"Me, too!" squeaked the Kid, mournfully.

"But confound you, it was all a mistake!"

"Yes, a sad mistake on *my* part," said Shorty, shaking his head, sadly.

"On *your* part!"

"Me, too!"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"It was a sad mistake on my part that I ever took you for a dad," said Shorty.

"Me too."

"Confound you and your me too! Who said anything about your mistake?" the old man demanded vociferously.

"I was talkin' 'bout it," said Shorty, quietly.

"Well, confound you, I don't care a rap if you were talking about it. I was talking about the blunder made by old Walling or somebody else."

"In not holding you?"

"Shut up! I say. No; in ordering my arrest."

"I don't see it."

"Me too. I fail to catch on," said the Kid.

"Well, who the blazes cares if you do fail to catch on? You'd fail to catch on to anything but a drink and a square meal, you mangy little runt."

"Oh, come off and say yer say."

"Well, you had not deserted me half an hour——"

"Deserted you!" exclaimed Shorty.

"Got yer deserts, eh?"

"Shut up, or I'll cram you into my gripsack! No, you had not deserted me half——"

"Now hold on, dad. I won't have it. Do you call it desertin' yer on our part when we find yer in der hands of der perlice on a charge of desertin' yer poor wife?"

"Yes, my poor sister-in-law, Angie," put in the Kid.

Do you remember how it happened that the old man's wife was his grandson's sister-in-law? You don't? Well, then, you want to get yourselves all mixed up, and finally go to pieces by reading "The Shorty's Married and Settled Down." The relationship between these three comical people has "settled" many a person who has attempted to work it out.

"Oh, you be hanged!"

"We should both be hanged most likely if we stuck to you. Nixy; we're going back home," said Shorty, seriously.

"What for?"

"Why, der yer s'pose were goin' ter go round with an old duffer as gets 'rested for desertin' his wife? Not much."

"Me too!"

"Oh, confound you both!" said the old man, impatiently, for they were worrying the life out of him.

"We are already confounded."

"Will you hear me out?"

"Yes, if yer'll go home ter yer wife."

"Oh, shut up! Well, as I was saying, you had not been gone from head-quarters half an hour before the chief received another dispatch from Superintendent Walling, saying that it was all a mistake and to let me go."

"Oh, yer *fixed* it, eh?"

"No, I had nothing to do with it."

"Well, probably Angie relented."

"Bosh! I don't believe she ever ordered my arrest. I think it was either a joke or a mistake, which I cannot tell. But just wait until I get back to New York, and if I

don't make it so warm for old Walling that he'll never want to go Seuth again, my name's not Josiah Burwick."

"Well, what are yer goin' ter do?"

"About what?"

"Why, celebratn'."

"Celebrating what?"

"Yer escape."

"Oh, of course, you fellows are forever on the lookout for celebrations or something of the kind," he growled.

"Cert. What are we out for?"

"Out for fun, of course."

"That buttons it," replied Shorty, leading the way to the bar-room.

The old man was in for it, and no mistake, as he usually was when his mischievous sons put up a job on him, and although the bottle of wine which followed made him feel a trifle better, yet it was by no means clear to his mind how the thing could have happened.

However, he had it in for the Superintendent of the New York police.

He was assigned a room adjoining that occupied by Shorty and the Kid, where they left him alone for an hour or so to brace up and pull himself together, while they went away to laugh over the success of their racket, and concoct a new one, may be.

Well, after pork and beans, they chartered an open carriage for a ride about the city and to the various points of interest, among which of course was the Bunker Hill Monument over in Charlestown.

Shorty and the Kid were quite familiar with nearly everything in and around Boston, but the old man was not.

It was here, years before, that Shorty had scored the great hit of his earlier life, in company with Bob Hart, who exhibited him as a talking monkey, or the "missing link," and even fooled some Harvard College professors for a time.

Shorty used to be in the show and minstrel business, you will remember, and one of his earliest and most successful impersonations was that of a monkey who had been taught to play the banjo, and, most wonderful of all, to talk.

But he was out of the business now, having made money enough by it to live like a fighting bantam the remainder of his life, and his sole object in life now was fun, that being just what they were all out for now.

Well, here they were on the historic heights of Bunker Hill, beneath the shadow of the towering granite shaft, half reared by Fanny Esler, the dancer, and crowned by the eloquence of the god-like Webster.

The runts stood at its base and looked up at its cloud-capped top, two hundred and twenty feet above them, and were duly impressed with its towering immensity.

At the base of the monument is a slab of stone, set in the ground to mark the spot where General Warren fell in that battle, and another to mark the remains of the old fort which crowned the heights on that memorable day.

But, as usual, there were several other visitors there besides themselves, some of whom were green enough to attract Shorty's attention.

One of them, especially, pleased him.

He was a Down-Easter evidently, and his dress was a marvel.

You have seen the pictures of the typical Yankee, with his short trowsers and straps, his swallow-tail coat and bell-crowned hat.

Well, this chap that attracted Shorty's attention was one of that kind. He was a young man, probably not more than twenty-two or three, and as green as his native grass.

Shorty made up to him quietly, and he responded like a genuine sucker.

"Say, you, mister, that are's purty tall up, arn't it?" he asked, pointing up to the monument.

"Sir!" replied Shorty, making at him as though he was trespassing.

"Wal, say, be you 'quainted round here?" he asked, after hesitating a moment.

"Tu be sure I am. What's der matter?"

"No, nothing, only I'm just cum up here from Dexter, Maine, an' I want to see all ther pints round this town."

"All right, chip in."

"Wal, this is what they call Bunker's Hill monument, arn't it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Here's whare we whalloped them thur Britishers arn't it?"

"We?"

"Yes, us Yankees."

"Well, I wasn't here, and cannot swear that such was the case."

"But we licked 'em."

"Oh, you did, eh?"

"In course we did. Don't yer remember ole Put?" he asked, with enthusiasm.

"No, I don't remember his nibs."

"Nibs! I mean ole Put, ther chap as told 'em not to fire till they could see ther whites of their eyes."

"Whose eyes?"

"Why, ther Britishers' tu be sure."

"Oh! what were they doing here?"

"Fightin', of course."

"Who were they fighting?"

"Why, us Yankees, of course."

"Oh, they were, eh? Which licked?"

"Why, I swanny, whar've you lived all yer life?" asked greeny.

"Right here, in Charlestown."

"What! and never hearn tell of the battle of Bunker Hill?"

"Never. Where was it?" asked Shorty, looking at him, in the calm way he could look when he wanted to.

"Why, right here on this very spot," replied the countryman, almost indignantly.

"Is that so? When?"

"In 1775, gosh darn it. Say, you're a little cuss, but I'll be goll durned tu goldarnation, if you arn't 'bout the ignorantist chap I ever met in all my life. Never hearn tell of the battle of Bunker Hill?"

"Never's been no battle here since I've known the place," replied the little guy. "How did it happen, anyway?"

"Oh, gosh darn it, them Britishers tried ter lick us Yankees, an' we wusted 'em, that's how it was, if you must know."

"Oh, we sorter warmed 'em, eh?"

"Wal, I should go sidewise! Why, I'm green myself, but I know a thing or two."

"Oh, you do, eh?"

"In course I du."

"Good enough! Tell me somethin'?"

"Bout what?"

"This battle of Bunker Hill. You say it happened right here?"

"Right on this spot."

"I don't see any evidences of it. It couldn't have been much of a scrimmage, I guess."

"Yer wrong. It war one of the greatest battles that war ever fit."

"Go 'long! What are you givin' me?" the smooth-faced guy asked.

"Why, here's the remains of the old fort," said the countryman, who had got pretty well posted from an attendant.

"You don't say so?"

"Sartin sure."

"But whose breastworks were they?"

"Why, the Yankees—us—of course."

"Well, was that all they had ter fight behind?" asked Shorty, looking at the little mound of earth so dear to every American patriot, although but a few inches high now.

"But that's all there's left of it."

"Oh, they took the other away with 'em, eh?"

"Say, yu're allfired green for a chap as has allus lived right here in Charlestown."

"Cert. Never heard about this racket yer speakin' of before."

"Wall, I swan tu man!"

"Was the monument here then?"

"No, in course not!"

"I thought so, for I don't see any pieces chipped out of it anywhere," said Shorty, looking up at the granite shaft, soberly.

"This was built arterwards."

"Oh, it was, eh? Who built it?"

"Why, free Americans, in course."

"Any freemasons have a hand in it?"

"Hang me if I know, but if I had a yarler dorg that didn't know more'n yu do, I'd pizen him."

"I dare say, but I can't help it. Got anything more ter show me?" asked Shorty.

"Don't yu know that stun?" asked the badly guyed down-easter, pointing to the slab that marks the spot where Warren fell.

"Don't think I was ever introduced to that particular piece of granite. What is it?"

"Why, that's whar Warren fell."

"Ther deuce yer say!"

"Right on that spot?"

"Did he fall from ther top of that monument?"

"Great gewhitecus!" exclaimed the greeny.

"Well, it must have broken him up pretty considerably," mused Shorty.

"Say, yu've tu green for sass."
 "Then don't sass me."
 "The ideal! Warren was killed here."
 "Oh! then it killed him, did it?"
 "What?"
 "Why, falling from the monument."
 "No, no, don't yu understand me?"
 "I'll be hanged if I do, ole man."

"Well, what's that?" asked Shorty, pointing to the monument.

"That? Oh, that's John Smith's monument," replied the stranger, carelessly.

"What John Smith?"

"The original."

"Oh, it is, hey? How'd they come to put it here?"



"HOLD ON THERE! CONFOUND YOU, DO YOU MEAN TO GO OFF AND LEAVE ME IN THIS WAY?" ROARED THE OLD MAN, LEAPING TO HIS FEET.
 "LOOK HIM UP, CHIEF!" "HOLD ON! COME BACK HERE. HOW DARE YOU TREAT ME IN THIS MANNER? YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT THERE IS SOME MISTAKE ABOUT THIS BUSINESS."

"Wal, yu take the cake!" he exclaimed.

"I do, eh? Where is it?"

"Oh, go 'long!" and the exasperated greenhorn turned away in disgust, soon afterwards leaving the grounds, fully convinced that he had met the biggest fool on top of the earth.

But there were other cranky and comical visitors there, and Shorty had not yet had enough.

The old man and the Kid wanted him to go back to the hotel, but he wanted some more fun.

Seeing a clerical-looking rooster, who appeared to be taking in all he could get of what was to be seen, he sided up to him.

"Say, mister, much 'quainted round here?" he asked, innocently.

That clerical-looking stranger took a look at his nibs, and tumbled.

"Oh, yes, I know everything and everybody about this place. What will you have?" he asked.

"Well, here was where he was christened, and on this spot he married Pocy."

"What—who?"

"Pocahontas: Remember?"

Shorty knew that he had caught a Tartar, but was not inclined to give it up, so he went for him again,

"Soy, who's this Warren they tell so much about; how'd he happen to fall here?"

"Oh, he was the first English duffer that tried to mash Pocy, but the old chief, her father, got in his little fine work with a blackthorn war club and knocked him out. Alas! yes, there was where he fell, said he, in sorrowful tones.

"But Smith caught on, eh?"

"Yes, he had the inside truck for a long time, but finally another chap by the name of Wolf got in and bore away that sweet little Indian lamb."

"And so poor Smithy was left, hey?"

"Out in the cold. Anything more?"

"Yes, shake," said Shorty, reaching up his little fat hand to him.

The man looked down at him a moment and then slowly offered him his hand.

"How!" said Shorty.

"How!" replied the stranger, and shaking hands with him cordially, he turned away and joined his friends.

"Fact."

"Wal, how'd we get tu it?"

"Turn right round an' go back ter Boston. Ask the first policeman yer meet ter show yer ther way, an' it'll be all right."

"Much 'bleged," said they, and they all turned squarely about and started back towards Boston.



"THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "MEAN TO COLLECT," REPLIED THE DRIVER IN THE COOLEST MANNER POSSIBLE. "WELL, I'LL BE RAMMED, JAMMED, AND SLAMMED ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK IF YOU COLLECT TEN DOLLARS FROM ME," REPLIED THE OLD MAN, CHUCKING HIS WALLET BACK INTO HIS POCKET.

"Sold!" said the Kid, as he rejoined him and the old man.

"Got caught, eh?"

"Want any more?"

"Going to wait for another flat?"

"Oh, come on, I'm no hog," said Shorty, starting towards their carriage.

"Know when you've got enough, eh?" asked the old man.

"Yes, come on," and they all started towards the carriage which was waiting for them outside of the inclosure.

But at the gate at the foot of the stairs they encountered some more visitors who were just entering the place.

"Say, yu, where's Bunker Hill Monument?" asked the leader of the party, accosting Shorty.

"Oh, yer 'way off."

"What?"

"At least five miles from it."

"Yu don't say so!" said they all.

Shorty and his party got into their carriage, and laughing, rode away.

But after all it happened all right, and the strangers were never any the wiser for it. They wandered around Charlestown for an hour or more, and were finally directed by a round about way back to the monument ground, and they entered it without suspecting that they had been there before, although one of the party suggested that it looked awfully like the other place they had been at.

But Shorty and his dad, also the Kid, made their way back to the Revere House.

Of course they had the laugh on Shorty on account of his waking up the wrong passenger, and getting guyed himself, when he had intended to guy another; but he could afford to stand a little thing like that.

"Now, boys, why not let us do something sensible once in our lives?" said the old man that evening after dinner, and while they were laying off, smoking the time away between that and the hour for going to the theater.

"Do somethin' sensible? Yer don't propose to go an' hang yerself, do yer, dad?" asked Shorty, looking soberly at him.

"Oh, don't be a fool all the time," replied the old man, impatiently.

"Well, what's yer wisdom racket?"

"Why not brace up, as becomes citizens and fathers of families, and do something that will redound to our credit?"

"Oh, goin' ter work ther credit snap, eh? Who're yer goin' ter hang up this time?" asked Shorty, looking dead in earnest.

"Oh, don't be a fool, George!"

"What! go back on my dad? No, sir, I will stick to him to the last.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't yer hate to see children ahead of ther dads?"

"Oh, shut up! Can't you do anything but guy and bluff, and say smart things?" protested the old man, indignantly.

"Well, what's yer snap, anyway?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll only behave, and carry the thing out."

"Cert! Set it up!"

"Let us pay a sober visit to one of the Boston public schools to-morrow."

"What!" exclaimed Shorty and the Kid.

"Go to one of the public schools here as visitors."

"Oh, come off!"

"Dive under, dad!"

"What's the matter with you fellows?"

"Think there'll be any fun in the snap?"

"Fun! Confound you, can't you catch on to anything that hasn't got fun in it?"

"What are we out for?"

"Yes; soy?" put in the Kid.

"Oh, well, fun, of course; but can't we be sensible once in a while? There is just where you are always dead wrong. What we want to make us enjoy fun all the more is a little sobriety once in a while to mix in."

"Dat's so, dad. We'll have it," said Shorty, all of a sudden, as though a bright new idea had struck him.

"And will you go?"

"Cert."

"And behave yourself?"

"All der time, of course. What der yer take me for—a duff?"

"All right. We'll go to-morrow; but it must be understood that there is to be no funny business, no nonsense. I really want to see a Boston school in working order, and if what I have heard be true, it will well repay us for the pains we take."

"What pains?"

"The pains of behaving ourselves something like white and Christian citizens. Let us take one of them in, and then we can have fun in some other direction. But won't it make you fellows sick?" he asked.

"How?"

"Behaving yourselves for an hour or two."

"Oh, we'll brace up, dad, never fear. Didn't we go to a funeral once?"

"Yes: Nelse Seymour's."

"An' didn't we behave?"

"Yes, you did very well, for a wonder."

"All right. We'll brace up just to give you a chance, if nothing more."

"Thanks. But come, it is time we were off to the theater," said the old man, throwing away the relic of a twenty-five cent cigar (which a boot-black immediately colared), and looking at his watch.

"All right, come on!" and they got into a carriage and rode away to the theater.

It was the old Boston Museum, the home of the pious drama, the stronghold of one of the greatest comedians that ever lived—"Old Warren," old "W. W.," as some call him, and he was playing one of his roaring farces.

But it would be wasting words to tell you that the Shortys enjoyed the performance, for they loved fun in any shape, and especially on the stage, having made so much of it themselves.

The night was so moonish and beautiful, and the distance so short between the Museum and their hotel, that they concluded to waddle there instead of riding, greatly to the disgust of the old man, who had a fine assortment of corns.

Perhaps it was on this account that his mischievous sons insisted upon walking, for if they could get a snap on the old fellow, you bet they were bound to do so.

Indeed, it must have been that. They knew that he was unacquainted with Boston's crooked ways and streets, and so they purposely led him down to Washington street, up it as far as Boylston street, up that street to the Common, the old man puffing, and cursing his corns all the way.

But when he came in sight of the Common he kicked like a steer.

"Where in thunder are you going to?" he demanded, stopping short and catching hold of a fence paling for support.

"Goin'? Why, goin' home, of course. Don't 'spect we're goin' ter stay on ther street all night, do yer?" demanded Shorty.

"What's der matter wid yer, ole man?" asked the mischievous Kid.

"Matter? I'd like to know how far it is to that confounded hotel, anyway."

"Only 'bout a mile further. Come on."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do!"

"What! goin' ter lodge on ther sidewalk?"

"No, sir; I am going to order a carriage, and if you fellows want to walk you may do so!" he said, savagely.

"Oh, come on!"

"No, sir, not an inch further; and I half suspect that you have worked a snap on me."

"Snap!"

"How so?"

"I'll be hanged if I think we came half as far as this!" said he, looking around and drawing a big breath.

"Nonsense! What's der matter wid yer? Come along; it's only a few blocks further."

"I don't care if it isn't half a block; I'm tired, and am going to ride."

"Well, yer a healthy ole duck ter go off on a racket with, aren't yer?" sneered Shorty.

"I don't care a snap what you say; I am not going to walk another step. Charley, go and get a carriage."

"All right. I'll get one for you, but we don't want any carriage," replied the Kid.

"Of course not. But go and get one for him if he wants to waste his money that way," said Shorty, nudging the Kid to put him in mind of something.

But he didn't need nudging.

"It's none of your business what I do with my money," the old man growled.

"It arn't, eh? Arn't yer my son-in-law, and haven't I a right to look out for yer?" Shorty demanded, as the Kid walked away in search of a carriage.

"Oh, you be hanged! You can't play any more of your nousense on me."

"How?"

"I think you fetched me all this way for nothing but deviltry."

"Takin' yer home for deviltry, eh?"

"Oh, I understand. But I'll block your little game. And I give you both fair warning, that if you play any more of your confounded snaps on me, I'll just go straight home and give up the excursion."

"Oh, yer dead wrong, dad."

"No, I'm not."

"Away off yer cabase."

"Not much."

"Got ther soft'nin' of ther brain."

"No, sir; but I've got softening of the corns, confound you."

"Well, what der yer keep corns for, anyhow?"

"Shut up!"

"Why don't yer swap 'em for bunions or hard corns? I'll be hanged if I'd be bothered with soft corns when hard ones are just as cheap," said Shorty, laughing.

"I've got both kinds, and I don't want any of your sauce. Ah! here comes the cab," he added, as the carriage drove up, and the Kid leaped out.

"What will you charge to take me to Revere House?" he asked.

"Have ter charge yer regular rates," replied the driver, who was well posted as to the snap that was to be worked.

"Well, what are the regular rates?"

"Dollar a mile at this time of night."

"All right, that won't burst me. Arn't you fellows going to ride?" he asked.

"Nixy ride; who wants ter ride on a nice moony night like this?"

"All right. You can walk if you want, but I'm no hog; I know when I have got enough," replied the old man, getting into the carriage and pulling the door shut.

"Good-night, dad!" cried Shorty.

"Good-night, old cornsey!" chirruped the Kid.

But the old fellow made no reply, and the driver started off with him.

"Dat's all right," said the Kid.

"What did yer work?"

"Der ole snap."

"What?"

"He'll get all der ride he wants before he strikes der Revere House," replied the Kid.

"Good enough. Now let's go back and wait for him," and they started to go.

Scarcely had they done so when a beggar woman approached them.

"By's for ther love av God, will yees give me ther price av a noight's lodging?" she asked, in strong Irish accents.

"What? What der yer want ter lodge for when whisky's so cheap?" asked Shorty, looking her over.

"Sure, I niver tasted a sup av it in the whole course av me loife."

"Come off."

"Give us a piece of your breath, ole gal," said the Kid, bracing up to her.

"Sure, it's angel's truth o'im tellin' yer," said she, at the same time stooping down and breathing in his face.

"Oh! oh!" cried the little rascal, and over he tumbled on the sidewalk.

"Help! take her away!" moaned he.

"Soy, don't yer see yer've knocked him down with yer breath? Get out," said Shorty, assisting the Kid to his feet.

"It's a bloody loie! Divil a drop I've had since ther day beyant yesterday," she cried.

"But yer just said that yer never took a drink. Mosey!"

"Sure, an' der yees call the full av a tumbler for foive cints onything?"

"Don't breathe this way again," said the Kid, holding his hat before his face.

"Go get a job breathin' inter rat-holes."

"Out! Yer a pair av dirty blackguards, so ye are, bad manners ter ye," she cried, and then she made a dive for Shorty.

She managed to come down on his hat and smash it, but he gave her the toe just as the Kid gave her a push backwards, and the next thing she knew her heels were up in the air, and she disclosed a man's garb beneath her old gown.

It wasn't a woman at all, and they soon found it out, for the fraud quickly recovered himself, and went for them red-hot and with curses.

But before he could do any damage a policeman came upon the scene and took the rascal into custody.

"So, this is your latest dodge, is it, Mike?" asked the officer.

"Go ter ther divil! But oi'll give ten dollars to play wid them kids for two minutes, so oi will," said he, turning and shaking his fist at Shorty.

"Oh, come along," replied the officer, taking a firmer grip upon him and marching him away.

Shorty and the Kid walked down town laughing over the adventure. Shorty tried to get his silk hat into shape again, but it was a hopeless task.

Well, in about fifteen minutes they reached their hotel. But, of course, the old man had not yet arrived, and so, lighting a pair of cigars, they sat down on the porch to wait for him.

Indeed, they waited for fully half an hour before the carriage drove up and the old fellow got out.

"Hang me if I thought it was so far," they heard him growl. "How much?"

"Ten dollars!" replied the driver.

"What!"

"Ten dollars, even money, and anything you may see fit to chuck in for a drink."

"Ten *what*?" asked the old man, going closer and taking a square look at him.

"Dollars. Silver, gold, or greenbacks will be taken for their face value."

"Thunder and lightning! What do you mean?"

"Mean to collect," replied the driver, in the coolest manner possible.

"Well, I'll be rammed, jammed, and slammed all over the sidewalk if you collect ten dollars from me," replied the old man, chucking his wallet back into his pocket.

"Didn't you agree to pay me a dollar a mile?" asked the driver.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"And do you pretend to tell me that it is ten miles from here to where you picked me up?"

"Yes, sir, I have driven you ten miles. You must remember that the streets of Boston are very crooked, and that it takes a good while to get from one place to another."

"Well, I should say so."

"Ten dollars, please."

"No, sir."

"Oh, why don't yer pay ther man?" cried Shorty, standing on the stoop.

The old man glanced up at him for a moment, and then he tumbled.

He knew instantly that a job had been put up and worked on him successfully, and he was mad enough to burst.

But he paid the driver his ten dollars without saying another word, after which he started up the steps into the hotel.

"What's ther matter with yer? Always growlin' 'bout charges," said Shorty.

"He's gettin' meaner'n meaner every day," put in the Kid.

"Confound you fellows, you are a pair of scoundrels, do you know that? and I am done with you from this out," roared the old man, hoarse with rage.

"What's der matter?"

"Goin' ter shake us, eh?"

"Yes, I am, confound you."

"All right. I allus thought yer'd get out of good company sooner or later," replied Shorty, quietly.

"Soy, what's broken yer up, dad?" asked the Kid.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Guess yer must have got onter one of yer own corns, eh, dad?"

"You go to blazes! I'm done with you both, and don't you forget it," and he shook his cane at them, wildly.

"Goin' ter shake us, eh?"

"Of course I am, for you deserve to be shaken by all decent men."

"Now what's ther matter?"

"Oh, he's goin' off his nut. Better let him go ter bed an' take a rest," said the Kid.

"Who wouldn't go off their nut with two such scoundrels as you are to deal with?"

"What have we done? Oh, I know what's ther matter; yer mad cos yer didn't want ter pay ther driver."

"Well, what of it? didn't he charge me ten dollars?" demanded the indignant father.

"That's all right."

"It is?"

"Didn't yer get money's worth?"

"No, it was a confounded swindle, and you put him up to it," said he, pointing to the Kid.

"Dead wrong, pop."

"No, sir. But I am done with you both, and in the morning I am going home."

"In the morning, by the bright light?"

"Yes, sir. I have stood this nonsense and imposition as long as I'm going to;" and he brushed past them and started up-stairs to his room.

Well, didn't they laugh!

It was just the sort of racket that suited them, and of course they enjoyed it.

But they knew very well that he would wake up all right in the morning, for his heart was set on visiting a public school.

They met him in the dining-room, and saw that he was looking as fresh as a morning glory, but concluded that it would not be best to allude to the events of the night before, and so they conversed on topics of general interest, or busied themselves with the contents of their morning papers, each of whom had one.

After breakfast they loafed around the reading-room smoking and finishing their papers, but yet the boys kept quiet regarding the racket, and did not even ask the old man if he really intended to return home and give them the cold shake.

There were two old roosters in the dining-room, a Republican and a Democrat, who were arguing the claims of their respective parties, and this afforded them considerable amusement for quite some time, both of them being very loud and comical.

The old man finally got into conversation with one of Boston's solid men, and from him learned much regarding the excellent common schools, and which one he had better visit in order to see the workings to the best advantage, and, so at about eleven o'clock, he had gotten his bearings all right.

"Well, what do you say to paying a visit to one of the schools?" he finally asked the boys.

"All right. Shoot out," said Shorty.

"Start der waltz, pop."

"Understand, now, this is to be a quiet and respectable piece of business. I have always heard about the remarkable public schools of Boston, and now that I have an opportunity, I want to see the system in working order," said he, gravely.

"Want ter see der young idea shootin', eh?" asked the Kid.

"And none of *your* nonsense, remember."

"All right; I'm a clam."

"An' I'm dum's an oyster."

"Very well. Now let us go," replied the old man, walking away.

As for Shorty and the Kid, they didn't care a continental about going. In fact, they would care quite as much about going to a funeral as to visit a public school. But so long as they had nothing else on hand to do that day, they concluded to make themselves solid with the old man, and get into his good graces again by humoring his whims and wearing long faces for a while.

Now, just see how things worked.

They had no racket studied out; they had no idea of anything but being bored nearly to death for an hour or two.

Well, the school selected was a grammar school, where it was said there was a higher degree of discipline than was to be found in any other school in the world. They even had a fire-drill, for the benefit of all concerned should a fire break out in the school-house.

The principal received the Shortys in the most courteous manner, and took particular pains to show off his pupils.

The three comical visitors occupied seats on the platform, and seemed greatly interested in the exercises all the way through, although the scholars were evidently quite as much interested in them.

Well, as a finishing touch to the whole business, the boys were put through the fire-drill for the benefit of the visitors, who were invited by the principal to take a position at the head of the stairs in order to witness the whole performance.

Those boys were full of discipline. They were also full of mischief, and when the order was received to go to the basement and man the hose, they charged pell-mell against the visitors, knocking or rushing all three of them down-stairs in the most unceremonious manner.

Nor was this all; they turned a stream of water upon them, drenching and driving them from the building.

The sudden appearance of the principal was the only thing that stopped them, but that was not soon enough to prevent the mischief.

The old man lost his hat in the hurrah, but one of those miniature firemen afterwards handed it to him from a window, half-full of water, and considerably caved.

As for Shorty and the Kid, they were about the sickest looking and feeling pair of runts ever seen on top of earth.

The old man stopped to jaw with the school boss regarding the way he had been treated, but the runts had had enough. They knew when they had got enough of anything, and they paddled out.

At all events they paddled far enough from that school to be certain they were not seen, and then they waited for the old man to come up.

Finally he came.

They took a square look at him.

"It's a confounded outrage," said he, wiping his face.

"It is!" replied Shorty, sharply.

"I should say so. I shall write a letter to the Boston *Herald* about it."

"It! What?"

"Why, this outrage."

"What outrage?"

"What outrage! Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing ther matter with me."

"Me too," chipped in the Kid.

"Pshaw! Haven't we been outraged?"

"Nobody outraged me."

"Me too."

"Well, maybe you fools think this treatment is all right, but I'll be hanged if I do, and I'm going to write a letter to the *Herald* about it."

"Do it on yer own account, then."

"Why so?"

"Because we don't want ter be laughed at by ther whole town. Soy, will yer ever tumble? Would yer tumble if an earthquake got on top of yer?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, come on!" said the Kid, walking off in the direction of the hotel.

"Arn't you a nifty cuss!"

"I tell you it is an outrage," persisted the old man, "and I am going to ventilate it in the papers."

"Come off!"

"What for?"

"Don't yer see yer'd only have ther grand laugh on yer? Come home an' let's get some dry clothes on," said Shorty, sullenly.

They all started to walk away.

The old man finally *did* begin to tumble, but he wasn't inclined to talk about it.

As for Shorty and the Kid, they fell right away. The racket had been worked on them, and they knew it. That settled the business, so far as they were concerned, and they wanted to get away with as little talk as possible.

"Oh, yer a nice ole man, arn't yer?" sneered Shorty.

"Fine ole plum!" put in the Kid, as he waddled along.

"Want ter see any more 'bout the Boston public school workin's?"

"How do yer like der fire-drill?"

"Oh, shut up!" said the old man.

"Let's go ter another school, dad."

"Yes, it's awfully funny."

"For ther boys."

The old man wanted to reply, but under the circumstances he could not. The fact was, he saw that they had been made guys of, and the quicker and easier they got out of the snap, the better it would be for them.

They went back to the hotel, where they got into a change of clothing as quickly as possible.

Both Shorty and the Kid laughed over the affair, for being full of the devil themselves, they could not blame the boys for letting out some of theirs whenever they had an opportunity.

But the old man felt hurt, as well as wet. He knew, of course, that this was not a put up-job by the boys, for they, too, were handled quite as roughly as he had been, but it did seem as though everything that he had suggested turned out badly.

He felt like going back home to New York, but the boys laughed him out of the notion, and it was finally agreed to take the afternoon train for Albany.

Before going, however, the old man wrote as follows to his wife:

"DEAR ANGIE,—We are safe and well. My lawsuit is

progressing slowly, and I may not be able to return to you for a week or more. The boys send love to their wives.

"Yours always,

"JOSIAH BURWICK."

Now, there is just where he put his fat foot into it.

Both Shorty and the Kid had told their wives different stories, and each was supposed to be going in a different direction, and on urgent business.

The old man knew this, but he never thought about it. It was one of those stupid, honest old blunders which he was forever making, and of course gave the whole business away.

Shorty, however, was bound to get hunk for that school visit; and so, just before getting on board the train, he sent the following dispatch to the chief of police at Albany:

"Arrest Josiah Burwick for abandonment, as per instructions from Superintendent of Police, New York. Short, stout and bald. Left Boston in company with two dwarfish persons, supposed to be his relatives.

"CHIEF POLICE, BOSTON."

Then he wrote another one to be sent the next day, an hour or two after the arrival of the train at Albany, which read as follows:

"All a mistake about Burwick; release him.

"CHIEF POLICE, BOSTON."

He explained to the operator that it was only a joke, accompanying the explanation with the price of the messages, and a handful of first-class cigars.

The ride to Albany was an uneventful one. The old man went to sleep, while Shorty and the Kid went into the smoking-car to pull on weeds, play draw-poker, and talk over future doings.

They arrived at Albany the next morning, after a good night's rest, and started for the Delavan House near by.

But they had gone only a few steps, however, before an officer approached them.

"Is your name Burwick?" he asked, accosting the old man.

"Yes, sir. What do you want?"

"I want you to go with me."

"What for?"

"That you will find out later on."

"This is an imposition, sir, and I will not stand it," howled the victim.

"But you will have to. Come along," said the officer, seizing him by the collar.

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!" and he yanked him along about ten feet.

"Oh, go along with him, dad. It's a mistake, most likely," said Shorty.

"That's none of my business what it is. I was sent here to arrest him, and I'm going to obey orders, you bet."

"That's all right, cop; of course no one blames you."

"And I don't care a snap whether they do or not. You chaps come along, too," he added, still retaining his grip on the old man.

"All right; but how far is it?"

"About half a mile."

"Well, let's get a hack and put on a little style."

"All right; I'd just as leave ride as walk. Here!" and he hailed a hackman who was trying to hook on to a passenger.

"Here you are!" said he, gladly, at the same time opening the door and allowing the party to take seats.

"Head-quarters," said the officer.

Bang went the door, and away the carriage rattled.

"Now I'll be hanged if I wouldn't like to know the meaning of this," said the old man.

"So would I," said Shorty.

"Me, too!" put in the Kid.

"It's a confounded outrage, at all events, and I'm bound to get at the bottom of it—you see if I don't!"

"I hope you will, for I'm tired of it."

"Me, too!"

"The disgrace of being arrested like a criminal!" said he, vehemently.

But all this did not affect the cop in the least, for he was used to hearing prisoners protest their innocence in all sorts of indignant tones.

Presently, however, they arrived at Head-quarters, and were taken before the chief, where the old man again demanded to know why he was arrested.

"You're name is Josiah Burwick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just arrived from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"And these little people are your relations?"

"Yes, this is my son, and this my grandson."

"Humph! Just cast your eyes over this telegram," said the chief, handing it to him.

The old man put on his glasses, while Shorty and the Kid swapped winks.

"Thunder and blazes!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked both of the boys.

"Arrested again for desertion!"

"What?"

"Is der gal after yer again, pop?" asked the grinning little Kid.

"What in thunder can be the meaning of this?" mused the victim. "Why, I wrote to her only yesterday."

"Soy, dad?" said Shorty, drawing himself up, indignantly.

"Well?"

"This thing's played out."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm goin' ter shake yer."

"Me too."

"Shake me?"

"Sure."

"What, shake me in trouble?" asked the old man, sorrowfully.

"Yes. Why, it's a disgrace."

"Cert."

"The idea of traveling round with an ole duffer like you an' gettin' 'rested every place we go ter. Bah!"

"I bah, too," said the Kid.

"But you know that I have not deserted my family," he protested.

"Don't know anything of the sort."

"You do not?"

"No. I know you wanted ter go off on a racket with us, an' I s'pose she wouldn't let yer go, an' so you skipped out."

"Nothing of the kind. I told her I was going to Boston on business."

"An' she wouldn't have it. That's all right. Yer've worked yerself inter ther snap, an' now yer'll have ter work out."

"And so you think the old man is guilty, do you, Shorty?" said the chief.

The little joker looked up suddenly at hearing himself called by name. How did he know him?

Presently the chief smiled, and then Shorty tumbled right off.

"Searg, ole man, is that you?" he asked, standing back and taking a square look at him.

"And you didn't know me?"

"Pally, ole man, come right down here an' let me press yer meat!"

"With all my heart," said the laughing chief, coming down out of his desk. "How have you been, Shorty?"

"Plumb up! bang up! How's yerself?"

"Fine as silk. Well, well, it is good for weak eyes to see you again."

"Why, searg, ole man, I'll grow an inch on account of this. Know ther Kid, don't yer?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him," said he, shaking his fat little hand.

"Kiddy, that man was ther makin' of me. Grip him," said Shorty, with enthusiasm.

While this was going on the old man stood like one in a daze.

"But how about the old man here?"

"Oh, he's a bad one. Lock him up till the officers come from New York for him," said Shorty, winking at the chief.

"What!" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes. I hold up my hands. I'm done with yer. I'm done with any man that'll go back on his wife. Lock him up."

"Yes, lock him up," added the Kid.

"All right. Here, doorman, take this man into the back room, and keep him for a while; but mind he don't escape," said the chief.

"Boys, this is infamous! Do you really mean to turn against me in this manner?" the bewildered victim demanded.

"Cert. I've got a reputation to preserve."

"Me too."

"All right; but if you do I'll cut you off in my will without a cent."

"Oh, yer will be hanged. Yer wife'll most likely sue yer for divorce, an' get all yer money. Ta, ta. Go and reform."

Almost choking with indignation, the old man then demanded the privilege of telegraphing to the Superintendent of Police in New York, to ascertain if he really had ordered his arrest, but the chief assured him that he would attend to that himself, and waved him away with the doorman.

But no sooner was he out of sight and sound than the two young rascals broke into an uproarious laugh, and finally gave the whole snap away.

And while this was going on, the other message before given came in, confirming what Shorty had said.

"Still up to your old tricks, eh, Shorty?"

"Oh, we started out for some fun, an' we want ter give the ole man his share of it."

"Well, I should think he was getting it," said the chief.

"Of course he is. There's nothing mean about me, an' it's only right ter give ther oldest one of ther party ther biggest share. But, I say, Pally, don't show him this last dispatch yet. Tell him that if he will take us over ter thet Delavan an' give us a good feed you'll let him go."

"All right," and they all three walked into the room where the old man sat. "Mr. Burwick, Shorty and the Kid have been interceding for you, and on their behalf I have agreed to let you go, provided you will not leave the city without letting me know, and will take us over to the Delavan House and give us a feed."

The old man, still in a dazed sort of a way, looked from one to the other.

"Yer didn't think I'd really go back on yer, did yer, dad?" asked Shorty.

"An' me too?" said the Kid.

"Well, you both said so."

"Oh, that was all in fun, Mr. Burwick. They think too much of you for that."

"I'm glad to hear it. Well, come on, we'll have a feed," said he, picking up his traveling bag.

The job had been completed, and once more Shorty was happy.

And so was the old man, you bet, for the idea of being locked up almost broke his heart, and such a breakfast as he ordered for the party was a corker.

Well, as a natural consequence, the chief put them through a course of sprouts that night, taking them to places where they probably never would have found their way had they started out alone.

Among other places that he took them to was a negro dance-house, on a street near the docks, and there they saw heaps of fun.

Bucks and wenches of all shades and degrees were there, dancing and drinking beer, but the only music they had was an old banjo, very badly played.

"I say, Shorty, have you forgotten how to knock music out of those things?" asked the chief.

"Well, Pally, I sometimes pick a catgut yet," replied Shorty.

"Will you give 'em a tune just to wake 'em up a bit?"

"Cert."

"All right," and the chief turned to the manager of the place and asked him to allow his friend to take that banjo for a while.

And of course his request was quickly granted, for, to tell the truth, the entire party felt a trifle shaky at seeing him there not in uniform, although he had strangers with him.

The manager took Shorty up to the little platform where the old fellow was picking away at the banjo, and told him to stand down and out for a few moments.

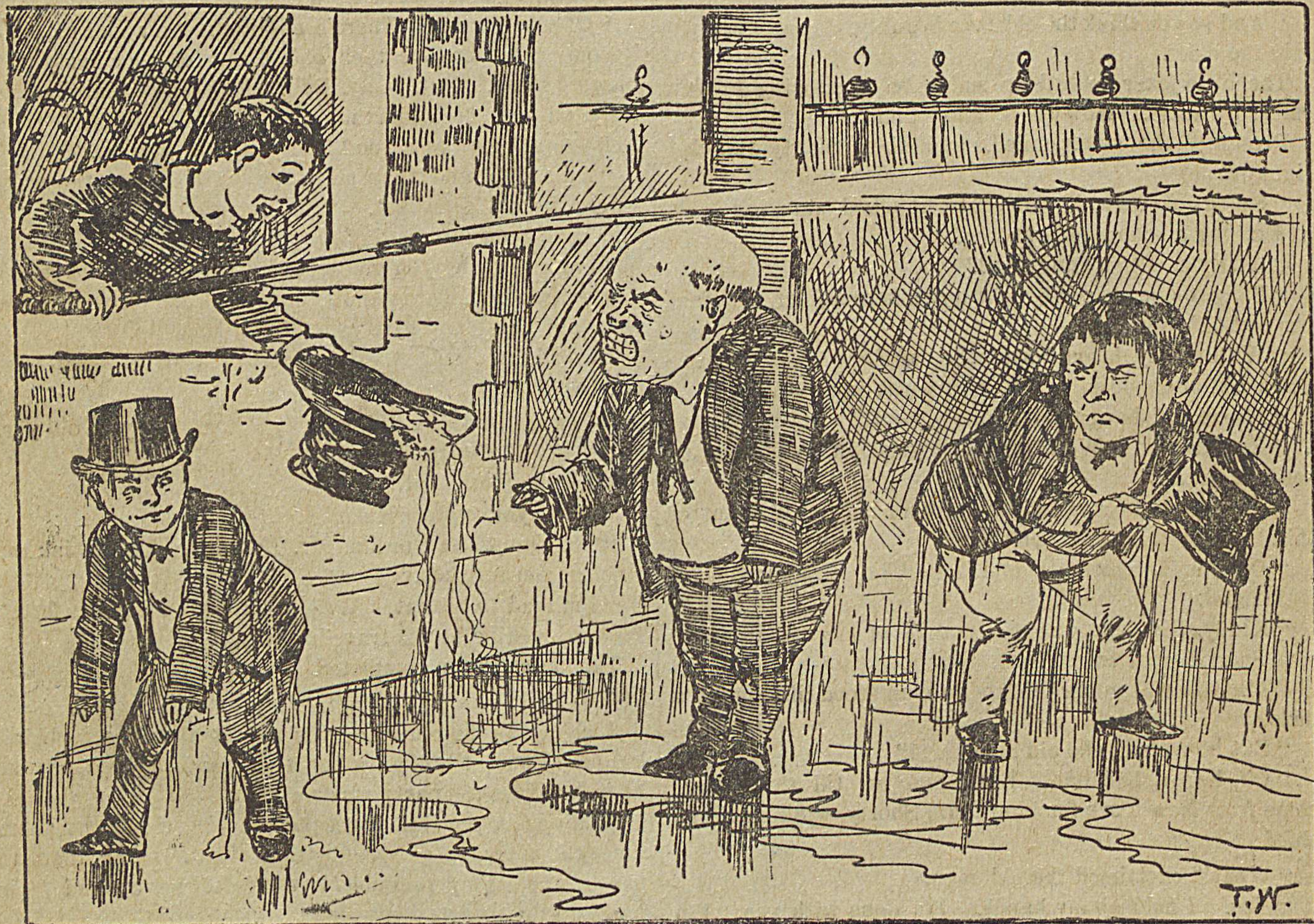
Shorty took the instrument, and running his fingers over the strings, found it to be sadly out of tune, and he at once proceeded to get it into some sort of musical shape, while the negroes gathered curiously around, and wondered what was coming.

They were not long in finding out, for the little king of the banjo had the instrument in his hand just then, and felt like picking out all there was in it.

"Bress de Lord! Here am de sweet singers ob Israel fo' shuah!" cried another.

"Oh, good Lord!"

"Oh, somebody hole me! Somebody keep me out ob dat!" howled still another, but before many bars had been played, they all got in and were dancing like mad and raising a terrible dust out of the old floor as they slammed their big feet upon it.



THOSE BOYS WERE FULL OF DISCIPLINE. THEY WERE ALSO FULL OF MISCHIEF, AND WHEN THE ORDER WAS RECEIVED TO GO TO THE BASEMENT AND MAN THE HOSE THEY TURNED A STREAM OF WATER UPON THEM, DRENCHING AND DRIVING THEM FROM THE BUILDING.

He began with "The Campbells are Coming," and gave a wonderful imitation of a Scotch bagpipe, a feat that only a master can accomplish.

Well, it simply paralyzed those coons. They knew, of course, that there was music in a banjo, but they had never heard it yanked out in such quantities before.

After trying himself on several of his old favorites he chipped in on a plantation breakdown that fairly made their heads swim.

He appeared to crawl all over that banjo and to knock music out of every portion of it. Indeed, the owner would gladly have taken two dollars for the instrument, but now that he knew what was in it, his price was at least fifty.

What music! What invitations to motion he picked and thrummed out of that old banjo!

But of course they could not stand that and remain quiet, so first one and then another whooped.

Then another flung his arms aloft, and a wench cried: "Oh, by golly, won't somebody shake a leg wid me?"

"Oh, honey, don't stop!"

"Don't lose yer grip on dat barnjo, chile!"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Who am he, sweetness?" asked one big wench, as she slung herself around, and displayed a whole week's washing.

"Do you heah dat barnjo talk, honey?"

"Oh, Moses!" shouted one big moke, as he jerked himself to the music and made the old house tremble.

But it is impossible to give any idea in writing of the scene. They got perfectly wild over the music that Shorty worked out of that old instrument, and they cut up all sorts of capers and monkey shines in manifesting their feelings.

It was better than a circus, and then to carry the thing to its furthest limit, he played the can-can, and gave the fancy dancers a chance to spread themselves.

And they just did spread themselves, and don't forget it. The show was all linen and a yard wide.

Well, when Shorty handed the banjo back to the owner of it, those coons nearly ripped the roof off yelling for more.

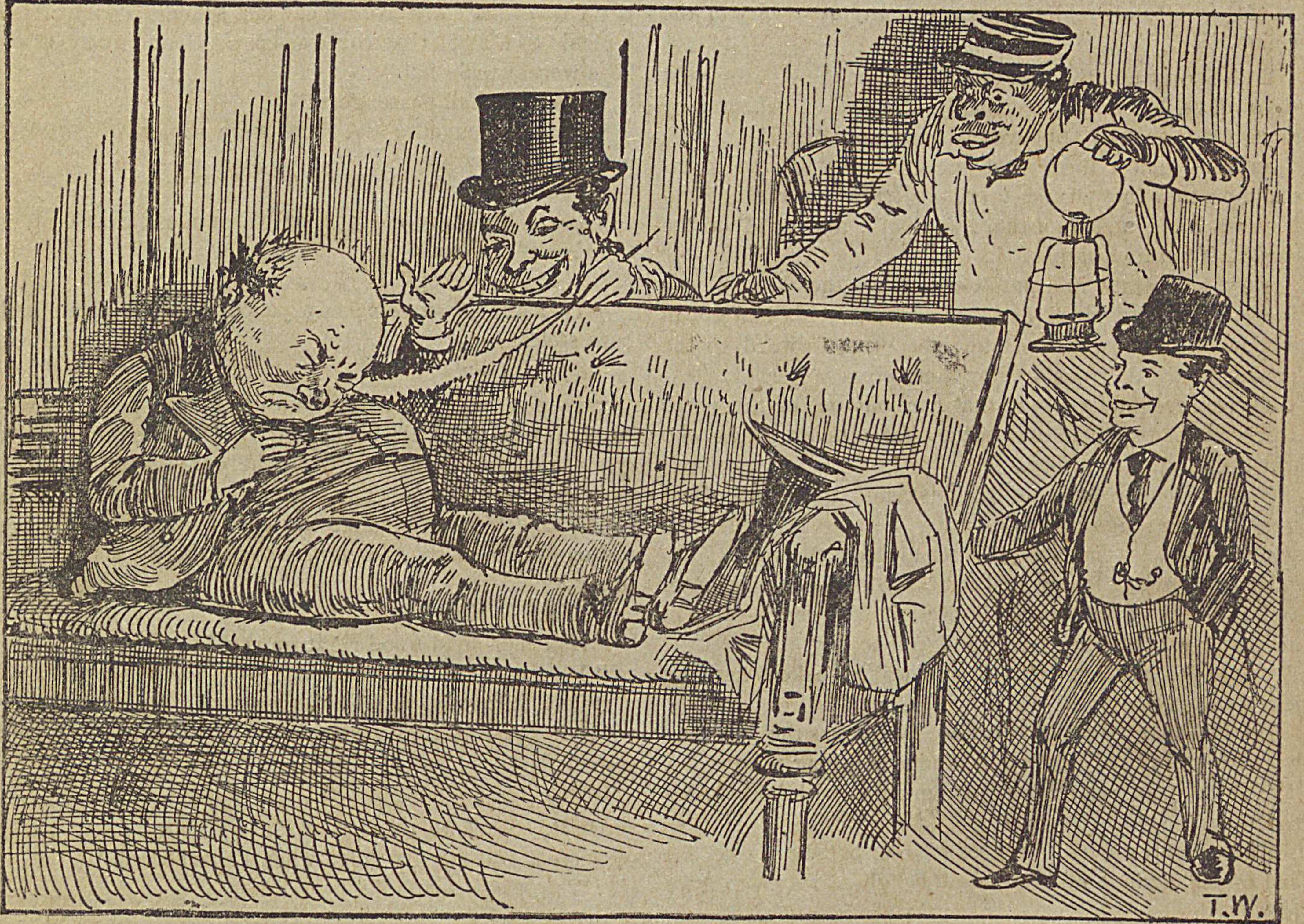
One wench got so excited that she kept on jumping up and down on the dancing floor, all the while shouting:

"Mo'l mo', honey! Gib us some mo'!"

"Oh, jus touch dat ole barnjo once mo', chile?" plead another.

But Shorty was right about the smell which pervaded the room, for all of the dancers had got themselves into a wild state of perspiration, and all the perfumes of a first-class apothecary shop couldn't down that smell, catch as catch can, or any other way.

Well, the coons were happy, and so were the visitors—after they got out into the fresh air, but it may well be



HE TICKLED HIS NOSE, AND MADE HIM PAW AROUND THROUGH THE SURROUNDING ATMOSPHERE, AS THOUGH TRYING TO GET AT A FLY OR SOMETHING THAT WAS FOOLING AROUND HIS SNOUT, AS HE EVIDENTLY THOUGHT, AND UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES HE WAS BOUND TO TALK IN HIS SLEEP.

"All dat man's got for ter do is ter pint his finger at a barnjo ter make it gib up de music dat's in it," said one of the floor managers.

"Where am Bill Jackson, now?" another of them suggested, as they crowded around Shorty and his friends.

"Oh, he's sick, he is," and then they all laughed at the poor fellow's expense.

"That was a great triumph, Shorty."

"Yes, but let's get out of here, for it's getting to smell altogether too strong," he answered, moving towards the door.

"Well, you shouldn't have made them dance so lively," said the chief.

"But it was great fun," ventured the old man, who had been very much interested in the racket.

Taken all in all it was one of the wildest and most unique shows that was ever seen in Albany or anywhere else, and the colored folks enjoyed it quite as much as the white visitors did.

believed that the old banjoist and the music he made after that was slightly unpopular.

From here they went to a theater and stood up back awhile, but as it was a poor show they soon got out.

But notwithstanding the fun they were having, the old man could not keep his mind wholly away from his arrest.

Could it be possible that his wife was causing him all this annoyance? No, he refused to believe it, and puzzled himself to sleep that night after their rounds, trying to account for it.

"Now, don't work that racket on the old man again, Shorty, it's too bad," said the chief, that night as they parted.

"But, soy, what are we out for?" asked Shorty, in his comical way.

"Oh, well, that's all right. You are out for fun, of course, but don't go quite so rough on the old fellow; you'll make his hair turn white."

"That would be tough, Pally. But good night. See yer ter-morrow," and they all shook hands and parted.

The next day they went up to Troy, and took in both sides of that wide-awake city, and the home of "Terrors."

The "terrors" were not whooping around very thick at that time, having been "knocked out" and tamed down a bit.

But Troy is a great place, and probably its name is read on cast iron to a greater extent than any other city in the Union.

Both Shorty and the Kid had often been there in their old show days, but they saw nobody there then whom they recognized, or who appeared to remember them.

So back again they went to Albany, with the understanding that they would take the train for Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and from there go South, and wind up the racket, if nothing happened.

They had seats in a parlor-car, where the old man proceeded to go to sleep as usual after the train had got in motion, while Shorty and the Kid went forward to the smoker where they could enjoy themselves better.

There were only a few in that car, but one of them was a prisoner, handcuffed and in the charge of an officer who was taking him to prison.

But no sooner had the train started than that officer went into the baggage-car to have a game of cards with some friends, leaving the prisoner alone in the seat.

He was a young fellow, and not bad-looking in any sense, and Shorty at once took an interest in him, for in spite of his deviltry he had a warm, tender heart.

"Soy, young feller, have a smoke?" he asked, handing him a cigar.

He looked at him in surprise, for it was the first kind word he had heard addressed to him in a long time.

"Thank you," said he, reaching for it with both hands together.

He had to use both hands, of course, but he bit off the end of the cigar, and Shorty held a lighted match to it for him.

"Much obliged."

"That's all right. Auburn?" he asked, after a moment's silence, during which the prisoner pulled away at his cigar, and appeared to get much consolation from it.

"Yes," he replied, without looking away from the weed he was puffing on.

"Where from—New York?"

"Yes."

"How many rings?"

"Five."

In criminal slang "rings" mean years, and the prisoner's answer meant that he had been sentenced to the Auburn State Prison for five years.

"What was the graft?" (what was the crime.)

"Super" (the slang for watch.)

"Fabbed?" (taking it from the person.)

"Yes."

"Caught dead ter rights?" (caught in the act.)

"Well, my friend, you seem to be a decent sort of a fellow, and I don't mind telling you, although it won't do any good. I am a machinist by trade, and never stole a penny in my life," said he, warmly.

"Never on the cross?"

"Never. I have been a trifle wild, and have been around with fellows who were crooked, although I never joined in any of their work."

"Up an' up, square?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, go on," said Shorty, laying back in his seat, and blowing a cloud of smoke.

"I was in a Third avenue car last summer, coming from a picnic at night. The car was crowded, and many of the boys were a trifle full."

"Full car—full passengers?"

"That's it, exactly; and there were several of the swell mob in the crowd."

"Penny fakirs?"

"Yes. Well, presently there was a muss kicked up in the aisle of the car."

"Ther old racket."

"Yes; and then somebody yelled that his super had been stolen."

"Of course."

"Then there was a rush and a cry for the cops. Somebody hit me, and I hit back, and it happened to be the gawk that lost his super. Well, the car stopped, and the cops came in red-hot. The man accused me of fobbing his super, and the cops gave me the collar. They yanked me to the station-house, and, sure enough, there was the super in my kick."

"Kick" is thieves' slang for pocket.

"Had ther dead wood right on yer?"

"Yes; but don't you catch on?"

"Cert. Ther fakes fobbed ther super, an', seein' ther row, dropped it into yer kick, so as to get clear themselves."

"You are just fly. That's what they did; but I couldn't prove it. Well, to make a long story short, I was tried, convicted, and got five rings when I'm innocent."

"Well, that's tough."

"You bet it is."

"Married?"

"No, thank God!"

"Relatives?"

"Only a brother."

Shorty was silent for a moment, and evidently in earnest thought.

"Soy," said he, finally, and then glancing carefully around to see that he was not observed, "would yer mosey if yer had a chance?"

"Yes; but how about these darbies?" asked the prisoner, holding up his hands.

"Well, yer might pick ther locks if yer had somethin' ter do it with."

"Yes, I am an expert mechanic, and know how to do almost anything."

"Good enough! Here is a little case of instruments such as people carry in ther pockets. There's a pair of tweezers, an ear-spoon a large needle, an' several other things. Put them in yer pocket," said he, handing the case over to him.

"But how can I?"

"That's so; I forgot. But here, I'll put 'em right here

in ther bosom of yer shirt, so's yer can reach 'em all right," said he, placing the case to suit him.

"Well, that's all right, but the next thing is how am I going to escape? You see I am not fly, never having been a prisoner before."

"Now you just keep quiet a minit, an' I'll see if I can work it. Here, in case yer should manage it, here's a tener for yer, an' if yer don't, why yer welcome to it, an' it'll help yer out in ther jug," said he, putting a ten dollar note in his vest pocket.

"Oh, by thunder, you are a darling!" said the prisoner, overwhelmed completely with the little fellow's kindness.

"That's all right. I'll work it for yer if I can. It's about time ther conductor came around. Now, when he comes to you, don't give him any satisfaction, only tell him yer a prisoner an' that yer've no ticket, no money, no pass. Do yer follow me?"

"I catch on."

"All right. Now you keep perfectly quiet, an' we'll see how it'll work," said Shorty, now thoroughly aroused, and bound to do a friendly act if he could.

He went to the front of the car, and looking through the glass doors into the car ahead, he saw the conductor taking up tickets.

Rushing across the two platforms, and nearly losing his hat in doing so, he entered the car where the conductor was at work.

"I say, conductor, I think this is a brand new snap, isn't it?" said he, earnestly, and at the same time laughing.

"What is a new snap?" asked the man of tickets and punch, looking down at him.

"A new beat I mean."

"Beat who—what?"

"Why, beat ther conductor."

"I'd like to see somebody beat me," the conductor growled.

"Well, I'll bet a quart bottle an' ther smokers that this snap gets yer."

"I'll do it. What is it?"

"Come here," said he, leading him back to the door.

"See that chap over there with ther blue shirt an' cap?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll bet his new snap'll catch yer," said he, laughing.

"What is it?"

"Oh, if I told yer yer'd be posted an' win ther bet. It's a brand new dodge so far's ever I heard."

"Oh, state it. I've got no time to waste."

"Well, all right. He's been tellin' some people how he's goin' ter work it. He's got handcuffs on, an' is goin' ter tell yer that he's a prisoner, on ther way ter Auburn."

"Oh, he is, eh? Well, if you had been a conductor on this road as long as I have, you would not call that a new snap by any manner or means. I have had it worked on me often by tramps and other beats, and it's lucky that you gave the thing away, and called the bet off, or you'd been stuck sure. You just watch me," he added, proceeding to take up the remaining tickets in the car.

Shorty returned to his seat.

"I guess it will work. Keep cool," said he to the prisoner.

In about half a minute the conductor came into the car, and after taking up the few tickets at the forward end, he quietly approached the prisoner.

"Ticket!" said he.

"I haven't any," replied the prisoner.

"Pass?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No; I'm a prisoner," said he, holding up his manacled wrists.

"Oh, you are, eh?" said the exasperated conductor, reaching up and pulling the signal-cord. "You are a prisoner, eh?" he added, as the train began to slacken speed.

"Yes, don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see, and *you* will see in about ten seconds how such a game as this works," said he, seizing him by the collar of his coat, and dragging him towards the door in no gentle manner.

By this time the train had come almost to a stand still.

"If I over catch you on my train again, I'll kick the whole head off of you," said he, chucking him off the steps.

Shorty and the Kid and others were looking out of the car windows, and they saw the poor fellow go rolling down the sandy bank, as the conductor gave the signal to go ahead again.

Shorty and the Kid kissed their hands to him as he gained a sitting posture at the bottom of the embankment, and the train was getting under way once more.

There could be no doubt but what he was both dazed and bruised, but he was a free man at all events, and that not of his own volition. He had not escaped, or even tried to escape; he had simply been fired off the train because he would not pay his fare.

The conductor returned to the smoking-car after the train was again in motion, and he went, of course, directly to Shorty.

"Tickets," he said, almost savagely.

"Cert," and he produced a pair for the parlor car, like a little man.

The fact was, he was half suspicious of Shorty. Indeed, those conductors are beaten so often, and come in contact with such ingenious frauds, that they become suspicious of everybody.

But he saw, of course, that Shorty was all right, and believing that he was only a trifle green, while being honest, he became more sociable.

"Well, you saw how it worked, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but I thought it was the newest snap I had ever seen," said Shorty.

"Well, it is a pretty good one, and at first it used to work. Why, tramps have been known to ride from New York to Auburn while working the prison racket. But we have tumbled lately, and fire them off at the first pop. If a prisoner is on his way to Sing Sing or Auburn, he is supposed, of course, to be in the custody and keeping of an officer, who pays his fare. And when you come to think of it, what a bald old snap it is anyway."

"That's so, come to think of it. But it struck me as being original."

"Not a bit of it. Why, the thing has been worked fifty times," said the conductor, as he proceeded with his duties.

"Is that so?"

"Of course it is."

Shorty kept his comical mug as smooth as he could until the conductor had finished his work in the car and went for the next, then he laughed himself into a cramp.

It was, without doubt, the best racket he had ever played in his life.

He shook hands with the Kid and the Kid shook hands with him, then they both shook hands together, and both laughed some more.

And the train was speeding along at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Where was that officer who was supposed to have the prisoner in charge?

Was he attending to his duty?

No, he was not attending to his duty. He was absorbed in a game of draw-poker, and trying to get hunk for the loss of some fifty brave dollars.

And the flask had been handed around until the officer had become reckless and forgetful, so he played on.

Presently, however, the conductor reached the car where the devotees of "draw" were going for each other.

Fully half an hour had passed, however, and that prisoner, oh, where was he?

"Tickets!" shouted the conductor.

But so earnest were they over their game that they scarcely heeded him.

So he walked up to the group and tapped each one on the shoulder, and again said "Tickets."

"Oh, don't bother!" growled the officer, who had not yet recovered his brave dollars.

"Come, come, no nonsense. I want your tickets."

"Can't you wait a moment until this hand is decided?" asked another.

"No, I want your tickets."

"Well, get them," growled a third.

"I see your ten-dollar raise and go your ten dollars better," said the officer.

"Confound your raise! If you don't give me your tickets, I'll raise you out of this car," said the conductor.

"Ten better!" said the fourth party.

"You'd better give me your tickets."

"Oh, go drown yourself! I call you," said the officer.

"Three kings."

"That settles it," and the officer looked as though he had been run over by a funeral.

"Gentlemen, will you give up your tickets?" demanded the conductor, now thoroughly exasperated.

"Oh, confound you and your tickets! Here," said the officer, producing two.

"Who else do you pay for?"

"Why, my prisoner."

"Your prisoner?"

"Yes, forward in the smoking-car. Didn't you see him?"

"Yes, and that's more than you will probably ever do again."

"What do you mean?" demanded the officer, leaping to his feet.

"I put him off."

"You did, you confounded idiot?"

"Yes, because I thought he was trying to play the old prison dodge on me."

"Great America! Where did you put him off?" demanded the officer, now thoroughly alarmed.

"About fifty miles back."

"Thunder and crude petroleum! I think there are some of the biggest idiots in this world——"

"So do I," replied the conductor.

"Stop the train and back her!"

"No, sir, I don't chews to-backer."

"What! a pun under such circumstances?" howled the officer, leaping into the air.

"It is your own fault."

"What, the pun?"

"No, the escape of your prisoner."

"Confound your thick head, he did not escape; you put him off the train," roared the officer.

"Of course I did, for he was trying to play that old bald-headed snap on me, and I wouldn't have it. Why, he even made his boasts of it."

"Oh, what an ass you are! Will you stop this train?"

"No, I will not."

"And I lose my prisoner!"

"All right; that is no business of mine. If you had been as interested in your man as you were in your game of cards, you would have had him now. But as it is, I think he has skipped, and that you are very badly left," said the conductor, laughing.

That officer turned his eyes upward, and as he did so he whined:

"Draw poker, draw poker,
You've been leading me astray."

But there was no help for it. Night was in full bloom by this time, and the idea of capturing a prisoner fifty or seventy-five miles away, and nobody knew where, was too absurd to be thought of for any length of time.

That officer wanted to club himself of course. Who wouldn't under the circumstances?

He walked through the train and into the smoking-car, where Shorty and the Kid were still pulling away at cigars.

"Been here long?" he asked of Shorty.

"Ever since we started," responded Shorty.

"See a prisoner here?"

"No. Saw a chap tryin' ter work that racket on the conductor, though."

"Oh, you did, eh?"

"Cert."

"And he put him off?"

"Bounced him."

"He did, eh?"

"Fired him plumb down a 'bankment'"

"But didn't he see he was shackled?"

"Oh, that's ther old snap. They can't play it on this conductor."

"Did you see him fire him?"

"Cert. Broke him all up."

"Think so?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, I'm sure of it."

"That's good," mused the officer.

"For who?"

"For me."

"How?"

"I'll work the old snap."

"What one?"

"Leap for life."

"What! ther ole biz?" exclaimed Shorty.

"Yes. I wish I was a reporter."

"I'm one."

"Are you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Cert. Associated Press."

"Well, I'm awfully glad. You can get me out of a bad scrape."

"How so?"

"Well, I had a prisoner that I was taking to Auburn. I left him in this car and went back to have a game of poker—play poker?"

"Cert."

"All right; then you understand it. You know how I happened to lose my prisoner."

"Yes, saw it all."

"Well, work it up good, so as to get me out of the snap, won't you?"

"Cert. Yer want ter make it out that ther prisoner leaped head first through a car window, and was dashed ter pieces?"

"That's it exactly."

"Ole snap?"

"Yes, of course."

"I'll fix it."

"Good enough. It'll let me out if you do, for it really was all my fault his escaping the way he did."

"How'll this do?" asked Shorty, taking up a pencil and note-book.

"How do you put it?"

"Give me your name."

"Terrance McGlynn."

"And the prisoner's name?"

"Frank Fearing, sent up for five years for picking pockets."

"I catch on. Now how's this?" he asked, reading from his notes.

"A LEAP FOR LIBERTY OR DEATH."

"A prisoner leaps through the window of a car going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and is dashed to pieces in a chasm fifty feet below the track."

"His remains are scattered all along the road. Sudden and sad ending of a young mechanic's life. What the officer has to say."

"That's good," put in McGlynn, and then Shorty proceeded to write up a very sensational account of the affair, having of course two objects in view—one the supplying to the public and the authorities an account of the supposed death of the young fellow whom he had helped to obtain his liberty, and the other an excuse for the carelessness of the officer who had him in charge.

McGlynn was delighted, and so was Shorty, and at the next stopping place he had it telegraphed on to New York in time for the morning papers.

But this was about enough for one day and night, and so he and the Kid went to their sleeping berths, tired out and wholly satisfied.

The old man had preceded them by about two hours. Indeed, the porter, when he came to make up the section, had to argue with him for some time before he could convince him that there were any better accommodations on board the train than those he was enjoying—sleeping in his seat and kicking at being disturbed.

Shorty took a feather from the porter's duster, and had some fun with the old man before going to bed. He tickled his nose, and made him paw around through the surrounding atmosphere, as though trying to get at a fly or something that was fooling around his snout, as he evidently thought, and under the circumstances he was bound to talk in his sleep.

"You jus' go away from there, Angie, or I'll get mad!" he muttered, and then the little rascal went for him again. "Bessie, lemme be or you'n I'll get mad! Think I'm an ole man, don't you, an' can have some fun with me? Better look out!"

And they tormented the old fellow for a half hour or more before they were satisfied enough to go to their own bunks.

But they finally did so, and after the excitement of the day they soon fell asleep, and knew nothing more until they woke up on a side track in the morning and found themselves in Buffalo, with everything quiet.

The officer who had lost his prisoner was nowhere to be found; even the conductor, whom Shorty had made a fool of, was not on board or anywhere around, and in a bad, foggy day, they pulled themselves together and went to a hotel.

There isn't much to be seen in Buffalo beyond grain-elevators, snorting tug-boats, and a few thousand canal boats. But, after all, Buffalo is no slouch of a city, and please don't forget it.

The whole place was well known to Shorty and the Kid, from old times, but they only remained there a few hours, for Niagara Falls was close by, and twice as attractive in every respect.

So they took the cars and went there.

It is the Mecca of tourists, and it has come to be thought that a man better not get married at all than not to take in Niagara Falls on his wedding tour.

There were the usual number of newly-married couples on board the train, all of them billing and cooing; and there were also a large number of tourists.

But they had not ridden very long before the Shortys dropped on some fun, as they were always bound to do if there was any anywhere.

In the compartment just ahead of them sat one of those newly-married couples, and they appeared to have been married before they finished courting. They were hugging and kissing and doing all sorts of foolish and absurd things for such a public place, greatly to the disgust of an old lady, who sat in the same compartment with the Shortys.

"The nasty, silly, spoony critters; they ought to be ashamed of themselves," said she.

"That is so, madam," replied the old man, to whom the remark seemed directed.

"If that gal was a darter of mine, I'd just take her into that retiring room an' give her a spankin', I would, by gracious."

"It would serve her right, madam, and if he was a son of mine, I'd flog him, or he would me, in about five flaps of a sheep's tail," replied the old man, seemingly in earnest.

"The shameless critters. I've a good mind to go and speak to 'em."

"I would if I were you, madam."

"I'll be hanged if I don't," said she, getting up and going towards their seats.

Several of the passengers had noticed the silly and spoony behavior, and they had also observed the old lady's indignation, so when they saw her going towards them they began to unite their grins with those of the Shorty's.

"Now, arn't you ashamed of yourselves?" she began, addressing the spoonies. "Arn't you ashamed of yourselves, right here afore this car full of people?"

"Madam!" cried the husband, indignantly.

"Oh, George, look out for her. I know she is crazy," protested the bride, clinging to him.

"Crazy! Which do you think the passengers here regard as the craziest, you or me, you nasty, silly hussy?"

"Madam, you are impertinent!"

"And you're a fool, besides insulting all the people present."

"You are mistaken, madam; we are married," said he, earnestly, at which there was a general laugh.

"Nobody said you warn't, but you've got no right to make fools of yourselves if you are married. I've been married myself, but, thank goodness, I warn't fool enough to let my husband slobber all over me in public, even if he was donkey enough to want to do so."

"I'll call the conductor, madam."

"Call anybody you like, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to ride in the same car with idiots. It's a thousand pities that they don't have a special car for these newly-married geese," said she, turning away to resume her seat, encouraged by laughter and applause from the passengers.

"Three cheers for Susan B. Anthony!" cried Shorty, and then there was another laugh.

"I arn't Susan B. Anthony, and I'm mighty certain that they arn't no relations of hers, either," replied the indignant old lady.

The affair produced any quantity of fun for the passengers, and especially for the Shortys, the old man taking the glory of it to himself, as he had a perfect right to do.

But it squelched that spoony couple, and during the remainder of the journey they sat bolt upright and behaved themselves most circumspectly.

Before the smile had gone out of all the faces, however, they had arrived at Niagara Falls and a rush was made for the hotels, during which the spoonies were lost sight of and everybody was for himself.

The Shortys were driven to the International Hotel, and after leaving their baggage, they set out for Goat Island to see the Falls.

It is a beautiful place, is this Goat Island, a perfect park, in fact, and in the presence of so much of the naturally majestic in nature, even the minds of the Shortys were not much given to fun, notwithstanding the fact that they had seen it often before.

But there were hundreds of others there who had never seen those wonders, and the Shortys found considerable amusement in watching and listening to them, as with open eyes and mouths they proceeded to gobble up the grandeur.

"Great snakes!" they heard one old fellow say, as he stood with protruding eyeballs and looked over into the abyss below; "I'll be eternally hornswoggled and rubbed down with cart-grease if this 'ere don't take the cake."

"Do you think so?" asked Shorty.

"Du I *think* so? Why, I've been all over ther State of Illinoy, and thar arn't a patch ter it anywhere," said he, as though if what couldn't be found in Illinois was a wonder upon wonders.

"Yes, quite a considerable chuck of water," mused Shorty.

"Wal, I should say so. Why, ther water-power that's goin' ter waste here would turn all the machinery in the world!"

"That's so; an' we're goin' ter use it."

"Yer be?"

"Yes, I belong to a company that has been formed ter scoop in this power, bot it up an' sell it ter anybody wantin' it anywhere in the world," said Shorty.

"Yer don't go for ter tell me so!"

"Fact, I assure yer, ole man."

"Wal, I swan ter snakes! What won't they do next? But how be yer goin' ter du it?"

"Why, bottle it up."

"Bottle it?"

Shorty nodded.

"Bottle thunder!"

"That's it exactly; we do bottle thunder."

"Say, Mr. Littleman, don't fule me," said the Hoosier, looking sharply down at him.

"No, sir; I'm not that sort of a cat."

"Wall, yer du look like a good, honest sort of a body, if yer be small; but tell me what yer mean by bottlin' this yer power. I'm a sorter 'v a scientific rooster myself, but I never hearn tell of such things as that."

"Well, we are goin' ter put in big water-wheels here ter manufacture electricity, such as they use for lightin' purposes, then store it in newly-invented machines an' sell it," replied Shorty, looking as honest as a hen.

"Great snakes! But I never hearn of such things out in Illinoy."

"That's funny, too. But I s'pose it's because Illinois is not the center of the world. Yer want ter look alive, ole man, an' see what's goin' on," said he, moving away.

"But, say, I'd like ter jine that company," he called after Shorty.

"Too late, Billy Vanderbilt an' I've got all ther stock. Sorry for yer, ole man, but we are goin' ter boss ther whole business," and they moved away, leaving the Hoosier standing there, filled chuck full.

"Wal, I swanny! Hang me higher'n Haman if I don't b'lieve this part of ther country's purty nigh up tu Illinoy," mused he.

And so they put in their funny work wherever they had a chance.

But one of the best snaps they whooped up was on Luna Island.

If you have ever been there you know that this is probably the smallest island you ever saw, being altogether not so large as a city lot.

It is connected with Goat Island by a foot-bridge, and is situated amid the surging, rushing waters just on the precipice, over which they leap down into the seething abyss, one hundred and fifty feet below.

It looks as though it might be swept over the Falls at any moment, and no one, however nervy, can stand there and gaze into those mad, rushing waters and over into the thundering abyss below, without experiencing a desire to get away from it as speedily as possible.

The Shortys found quite a crowd of tourists there, and among them the same spoony couple they had seen on the train.

They were hanging on to each other, fearing, perhaps, that one or the other might be carried away, although he appeared to be much the bravest, as he should, of course.

And besides that, he was just slinging himself into poetic eloquence fit for the occasion, and purposely to paralyze his young wife, or astonish those who might be fortunate enough to hear him above the roar.

"Oh, darling, this all seems as boundless as our love," said he, and she said, "Oh, George!" and gazed up fondly into his face, squeezing his arm just to give him more assurance that she was there.

"How awfully grand it is, darling."

"Oh, perfectly charming."

"Just see that vast ocean of water rushing madly and with resistless force down those rapids, only to plunge headlong over that precipice, and fall with overwhelming energy into that seething abyss below!"

This he just spouted, as though he had committed it to memory for the occasion, and she capped the climax by saying:

"Yes, George, the water seems to be all tangled up."

There happened to be only well-behaved people within hearing at the moment, or there would have been a roar of laughter sent up that would have drowned the roar of the Falls.

"George" had evidently calculated to say something more about these tumbling waters, but he concluded to take a "tumble" himself.

He looked down at her for an instant, and probably concluded that it would not pay. She was mashed doubtless quite as much as she could be, and he was only wasting his eloquence by flinging it at her in such luscious hunks.

Just here was where Shorty caught on.

They were standing on the foot-bridge with a crowd of others, just where it rests upon the little island.

All of a sudden he started.

"Ah! don't yer feel it?" he cried.

"What?" asked a dozen.

"I knew it," put in the old man. "Professor Bugle-bump always said that this island would go over the Falls some day."

"Oh! oh!" cried several ladies.

"Oh, George!" piped the bride aforementioned.

"Ah! there it goes!" cried Shorty, at the same time making a rush for Goat Island, followed by the Kid and the old man.

And you bet they were followed by the others. Such a yelling, stampeding mass of people never rushed over that little bridge before or since.

But as soon as they found themselves safely over, they stopped and looked back, evidently thanking goodness for their escape, and at the same time expecting to see the little island swept over the Falls.

But that young husband, "George," proved himself equal to the emergency.

She had screamed "Oh, George!" and flung herself into his manly arms. He exclaimed:

"Fear not, dearest; I will save you or we will perish together," and catching her up bodily, he rushed with her across the bridge, and stood her up in safety.

The people didn't laugh until they saw that they had been sold, and then this particular part of the business struck them with full force, and they just roared.

"George" didn't mingle in that roar, however. He saw that he had made a donkey of himself, and slunk away.

But where was the little rascal who had so frightened and sold them?

They looked around, but he was nowhere in sight, all three of them having darted into the woods on Goat Island, to have their laugh by themselves.

Oh, yes, they had lots of fun at Niagara Falls, but while they were doing so, Shorty's old friend, the Chief of Police at Albany, was getting in some of his funny work.

It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the life of Shorty, that he had played tricks on his old friend several times, and now—not being averse to practical joking himself—he saw a chance to get even with him.

So, in connection with a friend in New York, he managed to have him send the following telegram to the Mayor of Niagara Falls, dated New York city:

"Arrest George Burwick, *alias* Shorty, for horse-steal-

ing. Forty years of age; three feet in height; dresses like a sport. Hold him until arrival of officer from this city.

"WALLING, Sup't."

Well, how was that for high?

The officer who was detailed to make the arrest ascertained that this man had gone to Niagara Falls, but was expected back in a short time.

So he quietly waited, and when the party returned to Buffalo he quietly put his hand on Shorty's shoulder and told him that he was wanted.

"What?" exclaimed Shorty, looking up at the burly officer.

"Your name is Burwick, is it not?"

"Cert."

"And you are sometimes called Shorty?"

"No, I'm allus called Shorty. Why?"

"You're my mutton."

"What for?"

"I have been sent to arrest you."

"Ther deuce you have!"

"That's the size of it."

"What do you arrest him for?" asked the old man, very anxiously.

"Because I was told to."

"But on what grounds?"

"These grounds."

"But on what charge, I mean?"

"Horse-stealing."

"What?" exclaimed Shorty.

"Horse-stealing?" asked the old man, taken a back as much as he was.

"Where? Whose nag did I steal?" demanded the prisoner, savagely.

"I don't know anything about that. Your arrest is ordered by Superintendent Walling, of New York."

"Oh, come off!"

"No, sir, but I am going off, and shall take you along with me. Come."

"Well, I'll take my oath!"

"There certainly is some mistake about this, officer," protested the old man.

"I've got nothing to do about that," he replied, and without further chin he snaked Shorty into the station-house.

Was he sick?

Is a wet cat sick?

Well, somewhat.

There he was a prisoner, taking a dose of his own medicine.

He had played the racket twice on the old man, and now he was having some of it.

But the fun of it all was that he never took a fall.

The order came from New York, and it must be either a mistake or a joke.

But how could it be either?

Who of his friends in New York knew that he was at Niagara Falls?

And how the deuce could he be mistaken for a horse thief?

The old man felt very bad over it, but the Kid suspected that it was all a joke, although he did not think that Pally was at the bottom of it.

But there was no use of protesting. The sergeant in command said he would have to do his duty and hold him until the arrival of a New York officer or further instructions, so he was locked up in a cell, the victim of a sell.

The old man and the Kid promised him that everything should be done for him that could be done; but that was of little consolation under the circumstances.

There he was under lock and key, and, worse than all, for horse-stealing, about the meanest crime on the calendar.

The idea nearly overwhelmed him, and took all the fun out of him, you bet.

This was a dandy ending to their racket, to be taken back to New York on such a charge as that.

Well, the arrest was telegraphed to Pally, who, in turn, telegraphed to his friend in New York, and in the course of an hour or so, this message was received:

"Release Burwick, *alias* Shorty. It was only a joke.

"PALLY, Chief of Police, Albany."

The telegram was shown to Shorty by the grinning sergeant, who had charge of the case for the mayor.

Shorty tumbled, and went all to pieces.

Pally had played one of his own snaps on him—the very one that he had played on the old man at Albany and Boston.

"That's all right. searg. I hold up my little paddies, just like a little man," said he.

"Quite a joke, wasn't it?"

"That takes the whole bakery. Why, I played the same snap on dad at Albany, and Pally knew all about it."

"And so he thought he'd let you know how very funny it was?"

"Come out and let's have a bottle."

"Haven't got time, now."

"All right, I'll send one over to you. Good-bye. Horse-stealing!" he roared, as he shot out.

Of course the first thing he did was to seek out the old man and the Kid, and they of course were greatly surprised at seeing him at large.

"Why, how is it?" asked the old man.

"Out on bail?" suggested the Kid.

"Nix; I'm out on my legs."

"Leg bail?"

"Not any."

"But how is it, George?" asked the old man.

"How?"

"Yes?"

"Don't ask me!"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm sick."

"Sick?"

"Well, I should say I am."

"What has happened to you?"

"I happened to get left."

"Where—how?"

"Bilked."

"You don't say so?"

"Set down on."

"Good gracious!"

"Stood up!"

"Oh, my!"

"Sold!"

"I thort so," mused the Kid.

"Sold! Who by?"

"Pally."

"Chief of Police at Albany?"

"Ther same Pal."

"How was it?"

"Oh, he simply put up a job on me."

The Kid began to laugh.

"I don't understand it, George."

"But I do, and I forgive him until I get a chance to get square."

"Do you pretend to tell me that it was all a joke after all?" asked his dad.

"A. J.—all a joke. Pally put it up, and he's a good one. But I'll get even, I'll work a racket on him, or perish in my own suicidal gore!" said he, dramatically.

"I tumbled all der time," said the Kid.

"Well, he worked it nice. He's a good one, an' I'm goin' ter telly ter him," said he, and going to the telegraph office he wrote and sent the following:

"PALLY, CHIEF OF POLICE, Albany,—Good trick. But look out for me, I shall crush you on sight. | SHORTY."

But this, of course, only produced a laugh. Pally had got even with him for two or three rackets he had played on him in times before, and he was huffy.

Well, they went to Erie, where they made things lively for a few days, and here it was that Shorty created a sensation by buying a mule.

It was a tan-colored mule; an old meek-eyed veteran, who had put in several years on the tow-path, and had at last got down so low that five dollars bought him.

But what the dickens to do with him he did not know. He was like the man who found a button; he had either got to get a coat made on which to wear the button, or the button was of no use to him.

Cruelty to Animals, and was assisting him to die easy and on a full stomach.

Perhaps he was thinking how easily he could "raise" his little owner. But, whatever he was thinking about, he kept his own counsel and put away the fodder.

"Nice ole half-breed! Yer name's Hencoop," said Shorty, in caressing tones. "How's yer bowels feel now? I'll make a stylish trotter of yer, an' henceforth yer want ter put on some style an' not 'sociate with mules with smaller heads 'an yours."



AND THE MULE QUIETLY LAID DOWN ON THE GROUND, PITCHING SHORTY AND THE KID OVER ON TOP OF HIM, AND BREAKING THE SHAFTS OF THE CART. THEY WERE BOTH SLIGHTLY BRUISED, BUT RECOVERED THEMSELVES, LAUGHING.

The Kid suggested that he buy a canal and a boat, to utilize his mule, but Shorty concluded that he would purchase a dog-cart and elevate the animal into a high-toned state, and see the effect.

It wasn't much of a dog-cart that he bought, but it was quite as good-looking as his tan-colored mule was.

The first thing he did was to astonish that mule's stomach and other internal arrangements with oats, hay, and cut feed.

Indeed, he kept feeding him with this highly seasoned food for a half a day or such a matter, and that mule flapped his big ears and swayed his paint-brush tail in a way that showed his appreciation of the soft snap he had fallen upon in his old age.

And during this process of feeding, Shorty put himself on the most familiar terms with him, going into the stall and calling him all sorts of pet names, while the mule would look around at him with his big sad eyes.

Perhaps after all he was thinking that the whole thing was only the forerunner of a trick of some kind. Perhaps he even suspected that he was being let out of the world in this festive way—that his grub was poisoned, and that Shorty was a member of the Society for the Prevention of

Well, the next thing to do was to give the astonished animal a rubbing down. He had probably never enjoyed such a luxury as that in his life, and while the hostler was going over him, he stood remarkably quiet, and flapped his long ears in sort of dreaming ecstasy.

This being accomplished, he was harnessed to the dog-cart, but there wasn't a bridle in the stable would fit him, for his head was about as large as a barrel.

However, they lengthened one of them, and got him finally harnessed.

Shorty took a seat, and drew up the reins. It was about the most stunnin' turnout ever seen in that place.

"What der yer soy?"

"George, you are crazy," said the old man.

"Yes, I'm crazy for a ride. Get up there, Kiddy, an' be ther tiger."

"All right, I allus wanted ter be a tige," replied the Kid, climbing up to the back seat with the assistance of the hostler, and here he sat bolt upright, with his back to Shorty's, and his arms folded in true English style.

"What's der mat with that?" he asked.

"That's all right. Now yer want ter put on some style just ter give tone der this turnout. Catch on?"

"Cert. Leave der style ter me. You jus' tend ter der style of yer nag."

"All ready?"

"Let her go!"

"G'lang, *Hencoop!*"

"Begorra, but that bates ther divil," said the hostler.

"Be careful that he don't run away with you, boys."

"Run! Bejabers, I don't belave he'll even walk away wid' em!" said the hostler, laughing at Shorty's endeavors to start the mule.

"I wish I had a ten horse power swearing machine," replied he, continuing to flail the tough and calloused sides of the old brute.

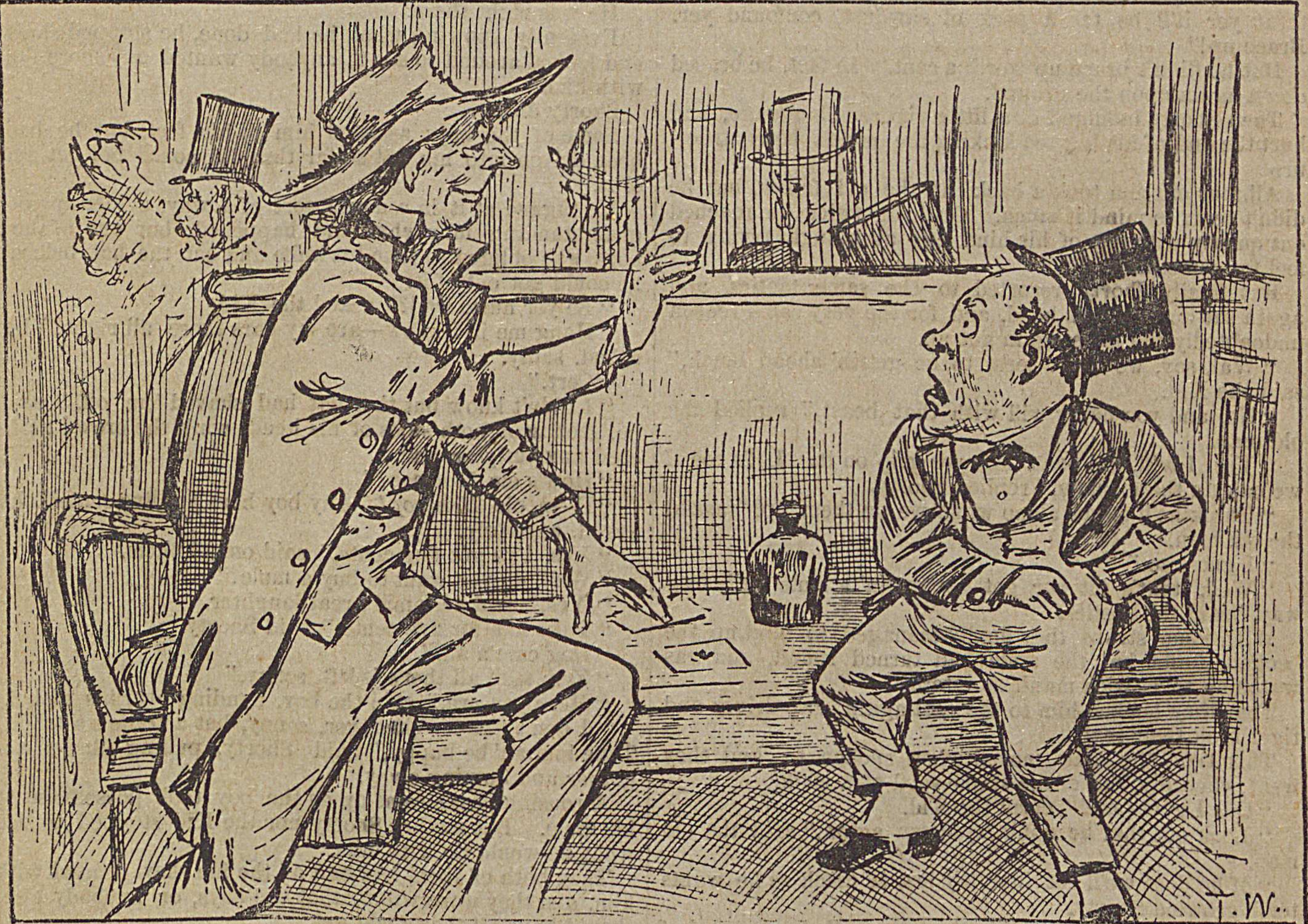
"Stick a pin in him."

"I think he's pinned already."

"Here's a pin," said the grinning hostler.

"Jab it inter him!"

The hostler did so, and the mule quietly laid down on the ground, pitching Shorty and the Kid over on top of him, and breaking the shafts of the cart.



"NOW, FRIEND, I AM SO CONFIDENT THAT I AM RIGHT THAT I WILL BET THEE TEN DOLLARS, AFTER THE MANNER OF THE WORLD'S PEOPLE, THAT THEE CANNOT PICK OUT THE JACK." THE OLD MAN TRIED, BUT HE PICKED UP THE ACE INSTEAD OF THE JACK, AND THE PIETY SHARP PICKED UP THAT LITTLE TENNER.

"Git up! What's ther matter with yer? Goin' ter go back on me now that yer belly's full of good grub?"

"Maybe it's too full, and he can't move."

"Give him ther gad; he's used to it."

"Hire a man to go along and with a blacksnake," suggested the old man.

"Build a fire under him," said the Kid.

"Go on, old barrel-head!"

"Sure, an' he isn't used to it."

"Ain't used ter what?"

"Such gintle tratment. He's used to bein' bate an' yelled at, an' swore at. Faix, he don't know what yer mane at all, at all."

Shorty gave him a few cracks with his whip, but the animal barely flapped his west ear a little, as though he had an idea that a fly or something was bothering him, but he never moved a peg or a leg.

"Wal, soy, when er' yer goin' to move?" asked the Kid.

"When the mule moves," replied Shorty, continuing to whallop him.

The hostler took hold of the bridle and tried to reason with him, but not an inch would he budge.

"Swear at him, dad."

They were both slightly bruised, but recovered themselves, laughing.

"Faix, he has his bellyfull, an' he wants ter rest afore he goes out."

"Wal, that mule takes ther cake," said Shorty, as he got up.

"Cake? I think he gets away with der whole bake-shop," said the Kid, brushing the dirt from his clothes.

"Oh, I wouldn't bother with him," the old man expostulated.

"Bother! Not bother with him, after I've slicked him up, filled him full of good hash, an' bought a cart for him? No, he's got ter go far enough ter pay for his grub or die. Get up!" he added, giving the prone mule a kick.

But that animal appeared to be perfectly happy where he was, and apparently had no idea of moving. If they wanted to go they were at liberty to do so, but that was good enough for him.

They couldn't help laughing to save their lives, but Shorty was mad all the same, and was determined to get a ride out of that mule, if it took him a month to do so.

They proceeded to unhitch the dog-cart and to run it

back out of the way, after which they went energetically to work to get the mule upon his feet again.

But this was no easy task, as they soon found out. They kicked and beat him; they stuck brads into his tough skin, and finally Shorty sat down upon his big, homely head as though he didn't want him to get up, and was trying to hold him down.

This piece of stratagem had the desired effect, appealing, as it did, right to the mule's obstinate and contrary nature, and so he got up, evidently believing that he had done what he was not wanted to do.

"There, yer ungrateful ole brute. Ther next time I treat yer it'll be ter a peck of sawdust, confound yer. Brace up!"

But he didn't brace up worth a cent. In fact, he braced down again upon the ground.

Then Shorty indulged in a little vigorous language, and hurt the end of his big toe kicking the mule's bony structure.

All four of them took a hack at the old fellow, but he didn't seem to mind it much. Once or twice he reached out quietly with one of his hind legs as though trying to feel for something.

But finally Shorty resorted to the same tactics, and again sat down on his head, and for the very same reason undoubtedly the mule again got up.

"Wal, soy, we don't seem to be gettin' ahead much," said the Kid.

"No, and you never will with that beast," replied the old man.

"Yes, I will, an' don't lose yer grip on it. Let's see if we can fix these shafts," replied Shorty.

"Think he'll stand alone while we tie them up?" asked the old man.

"I guess so."

"Well, that's fut yer get for tratin' a mule well, ony-way," said the hostler.

With some straps they finally managed to bind up the broken shafts, but the mule had turned round, and was watching them with manifest interest.

Then they hooked him to the cart again, and driver and tiger took their seats.

This time the mule moved when spoken to, and they went, cheering, out of the stable-yard at a walk.

"Oh, I guess not!" cried the Kid.

"Look out that he don't lay down again," said the old man.

"If he does we'll let him lay just as much as he wants ter," growled Shorty.

No sooner did they reach the street than a crowd of gamins gathered and cheered them wildly, and black-guarded them awfully.

The mule positively refused to get out of a walk, and this enabled the crowd to keep alongside and have their fun.

"Git up, *Hencoop!*" yelled Shorty, giving him the gad.

And the boys caught on to the comical name and laughed lustily, repeating it over and over as they ran along.

It was getting a trifle too funny for Shorty, although the Kid was enjoying it, and finding that he could not urge him out of a walk, he concluded that he had got his money's worth, and attempted to turn him around to go back to the stable.

But he would not turn. Pull as hard as he liked on the rein, the mule paid not the slightest attention to it, and kept right on in his slow walk.

Shorty was awfully mad. He thought he owned the mule, but the mule owned him, and was having things his own way.

Finally the boys got in front of him and yelled. They shook their hats at him, and prodded him in all sorts of ways, and then the mule appeared to get mad.

He might have been mad at both ends, but his hind quarters seemed to be maddest, and he raised them.

He raised them right up through that dog-cart, and both Shorty and the Kid were lifted about ten feet into the atmosphere.

But of course they couldn't stay there, for there was no shelf for them to rest on, and so they came down.

Shorty landed squarely on his head, and disappeared into his plug hat, the force of the fall driving him into it, although it broke the fall sufficiently to prevent his being killed.

As for the Kid, he landed on top of a boy, and nearly drove him out of sight in the mud, but amid all that wreck, the mule—oh, where was he?

He was right there.

Evidently knowing what he had done, he stopped short and looked around to see if anybody wanted any more fun with him.

Shorty didn't.

Some of the boys assisted him to his feet, but he had been driven into his hat so far that he could not get out of it.

He tugged at it in a dazed sort of a way, evidently not understanding fully what had happened; but one of the boys was obliged to take his knife and cut the hat before he could get out of it.

"Be yer hurt, Dad?" asked the Kid.

"Hang me if I know—are my ears there all right?" he asked, sadly.

"Cert."

"I didn't know but ther hat had shaved 'em off," said he, feeling on both sides of his head, while the crowd gathered anxiously around.

"How's ole *Hencoop?*"

"D—n ole *Hencoop!* Any boy here got five cents?" he asked, easnestly.

"Yes, I've got fine cents," said one of them.

"Well, do yer want to buy a mule?"

"Yes," said he, amid great laughter.

"Take him for five cents," said Shorty.

"Dog cart'n all?"

"Yes; take all there is left, sonny."

"Here you are," said the boy, handing over his nickel.

"I don't like ter cheat yer, sonny, but a trade's a trade. Take him an' be happy," said Shorty, pulling himself together and limping away.

A rousing cheer went up as the boy took possession of his mule. But neither Shorty nor the Kid stopped to see what he would do with him.

They both of them had had all the fun they wanted with him, and they were willing that the boys, or anybody else, should have all they could get.

Shorty made his way to a hat store, a badly broken up man, and after topping himself with a new tile, went to their hotel, sick.

The old man was there awaiting them, and glad to see that they had managed to return with unbroken anatomy.

"Well, George, where is your mule?" he asked.

"Sold him," replied Shorty.

"Sold him?"

"Yes. Sold out the whole establishment."

"You don't say so. Well, I guess that was the best thing you could do. But how did he work after you got him out?"

"Oh, splendid."

"Could he go very fast?"

"Two-sixteen, wasn't it, Kiddy?" he asked, turning to his tiger.

"No, two-eighteen," replied the Kid, quietly.

"Two-eighteen!" exclaimed the old man, holding up his hands.

"Oh, I knew there was go in ther old cuss."

"Well, I should say there was. How much did you sell him for?"

"Guess."

"Maybe a hundred."

"Five," said Shorty, looking as sober as a town clock.

"Good gracious! Why, you made a good thing of it, didn't you?" and the old man rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"Well, don't I usually catch on?"

"Sometimes you do."

"This was one of ther times, dad."

"Why, I wouldn't have given five cents for the beast."

"That shows that yer no good judge of mule meat," replied Shorty, laughing.

"I say, pop, wasn't he a dead sucker?" asked the Kid, keeping up the guy.

"Why so?"

"Sold out for *five*—might'er got *six* jus' as easy as not," sneered the Kid.

"Heaven help the man who gave even five hundred dollars for him."

"Oh, but he is very fast."

"Well, I think we had better be fast in getting out of town, for I feel confident that the purchaser will be after you and want his money back."

"I guess we had better get out of this, too," mused Shorty. "Let's go to Phil."

"Philimyclink?"

"The same."

"You mean Philadelphia, don't you?"

"Cert. What time does the next train roll?"

"Let's ask the clerk."

And they did so, being informed that the next train left Erie for Philadelphia in an hour's time.

"That suits me."

"Me too."

"An', soy, Mr. Clerk, they needn't wait on our account," said Shorty.

"Who needn't?" asked the clerk.

"Why, ther railroad fellows. They may turn the old jigger loose any time—we're ready."

The clerk smiled and resumed his work.

And heavy work it was, too. He had to pick his teeth, stroke his mustache with an upward curve, watch himself in a mirror, and see that the parting did not get out of his hair.

But the Shortys gathered up their grip-sacks and started to walk for the depot, having plenty of time and nothing else to do.

They did not give the mule snap away, though. It was too rough a thing on them to let the old man know. He would have laughed immoderately had he known the truth, but as it was he regarded his son as a great trader.

It is a long ride from Erie to Philadelphia, and the Shortys made sure of comfort by securing a compartment in a Pullman to themselves, and they were not long in spreading themselves all over it.

To tell the truth, Shorty was much more badly broken up than he cared to admit, for the bounce that he had received shook him up pretty roughly, and he was glad to get a chance to rest his sore head and take a snooze.

As for the Kid, probably he was not hurt so badly as the boy was on whom he fell, but even he felt that he had had all the mule he wanted, and so he gathered himself up into about a bushel basket full of tired jokes, and stowed himself away in one corner of his seat to rest.

The car was only partially filled, and there didn't appear to be anything to interest the most alert seeker after novelty.

But they had ridden only fifty miles or so when a stranger entered the car. He was seemingly a Quaker. At all events he was dressed like one, and wore a mug on him that would have made a baby show howl.

He didn't appear to have a compartment, or even a seat in one, and nobody took any particular notice of him.

But he got his lamps on the old man, who was the only one of the Shortys awake, and approached him.

"Friend, would thee have a pious tract wherewith to beguile the tedium of the journey?" he asked.

"Haven't got an evening paper, have you?" asked the

old man, who didn't know but that he might be a news-agent in disguise.

"No, friend. I do not handle worldly goods," said he.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I'd like to handle a whisky cocktail about now," replied the old man; whereat the Shadbelly held up his hands in pious horror.

"Friend, I fear thee is on the road to the place of torment."

"Maybe that's so, but I bought tickets for Philadelphia."

"Yes, alas! it is a wicked city."

"Have you ever worked it much?"

"I have been a colporteur there these many years," said he, with a sigh and a sad look at the roof of the car.

"Well, how does it pay?" asked the old man, who was rather lonesome and wanted somebody to talk to.

"I hope it will pay me in the great hereafter."

"Oh, you're working for place, are you?"

"I don't understand thee, friend."

"Oh, come off! You are a man of the world same as I am. Got a flask about you?"

"Thee is presumptuous."

"No, I'm dry."

"Well, it is my mission to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and if thee is suffering for a draught, why"—and looking up and down the car to see whether he was observed or not, he pulled a flask from his coat-tail pocket, and handed it to him with the simple explanation—"cocktails."

"That's good enough for me. Sit down," replied the old man, motioning to a seat beside him, as he unscrewed the top of the flask.

"Thank thee, friend," said he, dropping into it, cautiously.

"Here's fun," and the old fellow tipped his head back and placed the flask to his lips.

"I am glad if it refresheth thee."

"Well, it does. That's tolerably good. Now you're the sort of a missionary I like. Such chaps as you do some good in the world."

"That is my mission, friend. But won't thee have a pious tract to read?"

"Well, I don't know. Got anything that will go well after that cocktail?" he asked, handing the flask back to him.

"I have a very beautiful tract here on the evils of intemperance, and——"

"Come off!"

"I think it would please thee."

"Not half so well as a pack of cards and a jolly companion would."

"Cards? Oh, you mean the devil's primer."

"Well, I guess some old roosters give 'em that name. But I'm a square American, and call a spade a spade."

"Spade! Why, that's the name of one of the pages of that primer. I would have thee know, friend, that I am not so green as I may seem. I am trying to do good all the time, and I broke up a party last night who were engaged in the sinful practice of playing cards."

"Oh, you did, eh? How did you do it?"

"I boldly took three cards out of their pack, and of course they could not keep up the game. Thus I try to do good."

"Oh, you do," mused the old man.

"Yes, I have them here in my pocket. As I told thee before, I am not so green as I look. I know all the vile games, although I never play them. I have even seen them play a game with only three cards," said he earnestly.

"You have? How do they do it?" asked the old man, who thought he saw a chance to get up such a game to while away the hours.

"Oh, I have seen them play it. But it is not a regular game, my friend. It partakes more of the nature of betting," said the Quaker.

"Well, all right; get out your cards and show me how it is done."

"I would not care to. The conductor knows me; and if he saw me engaged in such a pastime, he would marvel much."

"Oh, never mind the conductor. Just show me how the old thing works, and we can lay low when he comes through the car."

"Well, friend, I will show thee how the evil game is played, for we certainly need something for a pastime," said he, taking the three cards from his pocket very cautiously.

"That's all right; whoop her up."

The old man was feeling like a fighting cock.

"The game, as those wicked men play it, is simplicity itself. It is played in this way: They take the three cards in this manner and mix them up thus," and he illustrated it by shuffling the cards in a rather awkward manner.

"But where does the game come in?"

"Well, somehow in this way. There is a jack, a queen and an ace. You see, I know the names of the horrible things. Now they mix them up and lay them out in this way, and bet that you can't pick out any particular card."

"Gracious me! that is simple enough."

"Well, not so simple as you may think. Now, I will turn the cards face upwards, so that you can see them plainly; then I will shuffle them in this way and spread them out before you with the backs up. Can you pick out the jack?"

"Why, of course I can," promptly replied the old man, greatly interested.

"Well, try it."

He tried it, and caught it the first time.

"Well, you see I don't understand the game—that is to say, I am not an expert at it. Now let us try it again."

"Oh, that is a child's game. But go ahead."

The Quaker mixed up the cards as before, and then asked him to pick out the jack, and he did so.

"Oh, that's no game. I wish we had a full pack. I'd like to play a little game of draw."

"Well, now give me a chance, and I am sure that I will make it interesting for thee," said he, as he continued to shuffle the cards.

"All right; go ahead."

"Now I know I have got it right," mused the sky-pilot, at the same time holding the cards so that the old man could see them.

And the old man smiled.

"By the way, try another pull at that," said he, handing him the flask.

"Oh, I'll never go back on that!"

"Now, friend, I am so confident that I am right that I will bet thee ten dollars, after the manner of the world's people, that thee cannot pick out the jack."

"All right; I'm your mutton. Nothing like having a game interesting," replied the old man, flopping a tenner from a boodle, which the piety man at once covered.

"Now try."

The old man did try, but he picked up the ace instead of the jack, and the piety sharp picked up that little tenner.

This was evidently a mistake, and the old man was red-hot for another chance.

And he got it. He got several, and in the course of an hour that piety sharp had won about two hundred dollars from him.

He vanished, however, when the porter came in to make up the berths in the sleeper, and the old man felt serious.

The porter was wearing a suspicious grin, and as he was making up the opposite sections, he asked:

"Did he get in on you much?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"How much did he collar out of you?" and then he laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at?"

"A sucker, I guess. Didn't you tumble to his racket?"

"No; why?"

"Why; he's the boss three card monte man in these parts."

"The deuce you say!" and then the porter braced himself for another laugh. "Say, keep quiet, will you? You'll wake the boys."

The porter glanced down at Shorty and the Kid.

"Well, how much, honest?"

"None of your business. Here is a dollar for you, and see if you can keep that big mouth of yours together," said he, handing it to him.

"All right; only I'm surprised that a smart-looking man like you should be such a sucker."

"Oh, shut up and make up my section. Come, Shorty, come, Kid, wake up, and let the porter make up our bunks," he added.

And the youngsters got up with many a growl, and without knowing what a sucker the old man had been while they were asleep. They gave the porter a chance to make up the section into sleeping berths, after which, without a word, they turned in and resumed their sleep.

Let us leave them to their dreams, as the novelists say, and return to New York, and to the abode of the Shortys.

The wives of those three worthies were not asleep by a large majority.

They had dozed awhile after their husbands had gone away, believing their stories about having to go off on important business, each in a different direction, but they were wide awake now.

The old man's letter to his wife just before leaving Boston gave the whole thing away badly.

They saw now that it was a put up job between father, son, and grandson, to get away for an extended racket without taking them along, which of course was the fact, as the reader is aware.

And this made them as mad as wet hens. Shorty's wife and her two daughters, the wives of the Kid and the old man were quite as fond of fun and adventure as they were, and to think that they should give them the shake in such a way was what riled them.

The first impulse of the Kid's wife was to find out where they were and follow them, and bring them home.

"No, girls, I have an idea that is better than that. In the first place let us find out where they are, and then we will simply make them sick. We'll put an end to this little racket," said Shorty's wife.

She explained the plan she had in view, and then began to use the telegraph in order to find out where their lurking husbands were, making inquiries of the police of the different cities where they thought they would be likely to go.

The result was that they got on the track of the fugitives just after they boarded the train at Erie for Philadelphia.

Shorty's wife was no slouch at putting up jobs and playing rackets, as many will remember, and to enable her to carry out the one she had decided upon, she went to her husband's lawyer, a smart, bright young fellow, and laid her plans before him.

The result was that he at once commenced an action against all three of them for abandonment, and the police authorities took the case at once in hand.

Learning that the fugitives would reach Philadelphia, Superintendent Walling telegraphed to the city marshal there as follows, and there was no funny business about this snap:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 6th, 188—.

"Arrest for abandonment, Josiah, George, and Charles Burwick, father, son and grandson, all three undersized, and graduating from the grandfather down to the grandson, the second one being extensively known as 'Shorty,' a former minstrel performer. They will arrive on the Erie express this morning. Hold them, and I will send officer at once.

WALLING, Superintendent."

Now, then, after having got the whole snap in hand, we can return to the Shortys and see how it works.

The train arrived in Philadelphia at about ten o'clock, but hours before that time the berths had been stowed away out of sight, and the car transformed again into a palace on wheels.

The old man was feeling blue over his adventure of the night before, and was not inclined to talk much, and Shorty felt sore over the fall that that old mule took out of him at Erie.

The Kid, however, was as chipper as ever, and tried to rally them.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Shorty, and resumed his gazing out of the car window.

"How's mules this morning?"

But Shorty made no answer.

"I say, pop, got a pack of cards?" he finally asked, addressing the old man, who started suddenly and glared at him.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if we had a deck we might play a little game ter see who gets collared for der hash when we gets ter Philly."

The old victim breathed freer.

"No, I have got no cards, and if I had I wouldn't play with them."

"Oh, you wouldn't! Wal, I must say that you are a pair of agreeable roosters this morning. Guess yer hungry."

But getting no reply, he gradually subsided, and little or nothing more was said until they reached Philadelphia, and then in a sullen sort of a way each grabbed his grip-sack and rushed out of the car.

That official telegram connected, and an officer was in the depot waiting for them.

"Josiah Burwick?" asked the officer, approaching the old man, who walked in advance of the other two.

"Yes."

"George and Charles Burwick?" he then asked, turning to Shorty and the Kid.

"Yes—what's up now, I wonder?"

"I have an order for the arrest of all three of you, and you will please consider yourselves my prisoners."

"What!" they all three exclaimed, and the old man nearly fainted.

"Arrested for the third time!"

"Are yer in earnest, cop?" asked Shorty.

"I am, indeed."

"But what are we arrested for?"

"That I know nothing about. You will have to go with me to the City Hall, where the marshal will give you the particulars. Come."

"Well, by the great eternal horn spoon!" cried the old man.

"Oh, it's some job put up, an' I'll bet it comes from Pally," said Shorty.

"Wal, this thing's gettin' ter be a trifle too frequently," growled the Kid.

At Shorty's solicitation, the officer allowed him to hire a carriage, and they were all driven to the City Hall, where the prisoners were turned over to the marshal.

Shorty didn't take it to heart much, thinking it another of Pally's jokes, but he was of the Kid's opinion, that the thing was getting somewhat monotonous, to say the least. They had started out for fun, and were getting it in rather sensational dabs.

"What are we arrested for?" demanded the old man, savagely.

"All three of you are arrested at the request of Super-

intendent Walling, of New York, for the abandonment of your families," the marshal calmly replied.

All three of them started as though they had been hit with bricks.

"I don't believe a word of it. It is either a mistake, a joke, or an outrage."

"Well, I know nothing about that, but I must hold you until the arrival of an officer from New York."

"And lock us up?"

"Yes. Doorman, lock this party up," he added.

"Great Moses!" and they all three protested in various ways."

But there was no help for it, and finally they began to think there was no nonsense about it, also. There they were under lock and key!

Could it be possible that their wives had made a complaint against them? They forgot all about being hungry, and fell to discussing the probabilities of the wives going to such extremes, and lamenting their humiliating position. What a rough ending it was to their racket!

The Kid was inclined to joke over it, but neither joking or lamenting did them any good.

At noon an officer arrived from New York and took them into custody. Then Shorty took a fall. There could be no mistake about it now; no nonsense, no joke.

The ride back to New York was one of the gloomiest ones imaginable. What a disgrace it would be to return to their native city as prisoners.

They were taken directly to police head-quarters and given seats in the office of Captain Byrne, there to wait further developments and enable them to send for counsel.

"Boys, I want to die!" groaned the old man.

"Bah, what have yer got ter dye anyhow?" asked Shorty, bracing up to a bald-headed joke on a bald-headed subject.

"Oh, George, this is terrible, terrible."

"That makes it *two* terrible, don't it?"

"Oh, George, don't be so frivolous."

"I'm not a bit friv, but I'd just like ter know where those wives of ours are."

"Here they are," said his wife, walking into the room, followed by the other two.

"What!"

"Oh, Angie, how could you?" moaned the old man, and then he began to blubber.

"How could *you*, Josiah Burwick?" she demanded, confronting him.

"Oh, we cnly went out for fun."

"Well, soy, ole gal, how's this, anyway?" asked Shorty.

"You went out for fun, didn't you?" she demanded.

"Cert. What of it if we did?"

"But you forgot to take us along, and told all sorts of lies to put us off the scent. You went out for fun and left us at home, so we thought we would help you along all we could," said she, laughing heartily.

"Sold an' delivered, by thunder!"

"Oh, Angie, won't you forgive me?" whined the old man, who was all broken up.

"Yes, if you will promise never to deceive me again."

"Oh, I'll swear that I never will;" and then they embraced, as did the Kid and his little wife, while Shorty's wife turned to Captain Byrne.

"The joke is played out, captain, and all proceedings stopped," said she, laughing.

"Well, take them home, then," he replied, also laughing heartily, having been in the racket.

"Well, cap, that takes ther cake," said Shorty, offering his arm to his wife. "It's a little rough, but a good wind-up to THE SHORTYS OUT FOR FUN."

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